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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



Fabric Cover
by Tutton



'NINETIES COSTUME was pretty daring when first worn. Ample as it is, it shows how any costume looks fetching if the model is pretty enough.

ALL AT SEA

By DOROTHY DRAIN

FASHIONS THROUGH THE YEARS
FOR BATHING BELLES AND BEAUX

MY Great-Uncle Geoffrey says that he thought before the war women's bathing suits had gone as far as they dared.

He now admits he was mistaken, and keeps collecting cuttings from the newspapers to prove, he says, what a scandal the newest ones are.

It is not, Great-Uncle Geoffrey points out, that he is not broad-minded. He just doesn't like the line of the new ones.

"They leave so little to the imagination," he remarks wistfully.

We told him that probably they would never become really fashionable.

"Women won't all make guys of themselves," we said in a pacifying tone.

"Never can tell," he muttered. "That fellow Johnson said the bicycle would never work. Not the same thing, I know. But shows if you don't move with the times they move on without you."

A day or two ago, to our great joy, we were able to prove to Geoffrey that the trend is not necessarily in the one direction.

We were reading Kilvert's Diary—diary of the Rev. Francis Kilvert, a Pepys-like gentleman who kept

his chronicles between 1870 and 1879.

Published only in 1938, the diary is a chatty, detailed account of the everyday doings of Mr. Kilvert, which included, on his holidays, nude bathing—and no offence meant and little taken.

In July, 1873, he wrote: "This morning Uncle Will, Dora (his sister), and I drove to Seaton. . . . At Seaton, while Dora was sitting on the beach, I had a bathe."

"A boy brought me to the bathing-machine door two towels, as I thought, but when I came out of the water and began to use them I found that one of the rags he had given me was a pair of very short red-and-white striped drawers to cover my nakedness."

"Unaccustomed to such things and customs, I had, in my ignorance, bathed naked, and set at naught the conventionalities of the place and scandalised the beach."

"However, some little boys who were looking on at the rude, naked man appeared to be much interested in the spectacle, and the young ladies who were strolling near seemed to have no objection."

Detestable custom

NEXT year Mr. Kilvert went to another seaside resort, Shanklin.

"Bathing yesterday and to day . . . At Shanklin one has to adopt the detestable custom of bathing in drawers."

"If ladies don't like to see men naked, why don't they keep away from the sight?"

"To-day I had a pair of drawers given me which I could not keep on. The rough waves stripped them off and tore them down round my ankles."

"While thus fettered I was seized and flung down by a heavy sea, which, retreating suddenly, left me lying naked on the sharp shingle, from which I rose streaming with blood."

"After this I took the wretched and dangerous rag off, and, of course, there were some ladies looking on as I came up out of the water."

My own memory goes back to the Canadian two-piece, but I am reliably informed by older female relatives that back at the beginning of this century old ladies often bathed in their nightgowns.

"A dip" was the accurate description given the brief immersion favored by daring ladies of those times.

Tales were told in whispers of the bold young woman—bold meaning fast—who walked up from the beach in full view of several gentlemen with her long hair flowing to her waist.

She was dressed in the bathing costume of the period, something with stockings, I think, but to leave one's hair down while men were present was considered provocative in the most improper degree.

Date me though it may, I recall the pros and cons of "mixed bathing" being much discussed in my childhood.

My own parents being rather advanced, they saw no harm in it.

As the island on which we spent our holidays had 25 uninhabited miles of beaches, they saw no reason why the single girl and man whom they chaperoned in our camping party should not bathe with the family.

However, one young man we took with us was rather shocked at this, and always bathed in solitude about 50 yards down the beach.

Shy as he was, he one day asked the single young woman (whose form clad in Canadian two-piece he would not look on) to accompany him fishing.

They asked me to go with them. My mother said no, I didn't want to go, which I thought a surprising lie on the part of my irreproachable mama.

Anyway, they came back from the excursion without any fish, but engaged.

Which shows that whatever the bathing conventions, love is triumphant.

... BUT it would have been a pity to conceal an hour-glass figure like this in a neck-to-knee outfit.



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RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

Our absorbing mystery serial

WENDA BREEN, elderly English writer, has been murdered on the roof garden of Beresford Court, where she occupied Flat 94.

Unrest and disharmony are secretly rife among other tenants of the same floor. OWEN CURTIS, naval officer living with his wife, MARJORIE, in Flat 91, is infatuated with actress ESSIE ASHWORTH, tenant of Flat 92, who in private life is the wife of WILLIAM SCOTT, at present absent in Melbourne. BOB YATES and LEITH HENDERSON, servicemen on leave and temporarily occupying Flat 93, are both in love with NORA RUSSELL, Miss Breen's secretary. All had been guests that evening at a cocktail party at the Curtis' flat.

DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR GROGAN, in charge of the case with DETECTIVE-SERGEANT MANNING, is questioning all the guests, also PIKE, the caretaker, and MISS KRAUSZ, domestic. His attention suddenly centres ominously on the two young servicemen.

Now read on—

INSPECTOR GROGAN'S eyes travelled slowly from one young soldier to the other. Then very deliberately he asked, "Which of you two did Miss Breen call 'Digger'?"

Both Bob and Leith hesitated for a moment. Then Bob said: "Why, both of us, really. She called us both Digger."

"That's so," Leith put in. "Just as a sort of joke, you know. She was English, and thought it rather a cute name."

"Well, now," Grogan put his hand in his pocket and drew out the cheque-book that Nora knew. "Twice in the last fortnight Miss Breen drew a cheque—one for fifty pounds, one for five. She filled in the stumps 'Cash,' but below it she scrawled the word 'Digger.'"

"Digger?" The two soldiers repeated the word on the same note of surprise.

"Yes. Which one of you had these cheques?"

The question hung in the air painfully. Marjorie looked down and turned the rings on her fingers. Owen took out his cigarettes now and hummed himself lighting one.

The curtains swaying to and fro seemed to whisper the question. The clock's tick repeated it: "Who had it? Who had it? What soldier took money from an old woman, and then, maybe, as she walked alone up on a roof at midnight, crept up behind her with something in his hands that caught the glimmer of the starlight . . . maybe . . . ?"

At last Bob said firmly: "She didn't give me any money."

"Or me," Leith said.

Grogan looked from one to the other, then down at the book in his hand. He flipped over the stumps, "September 17," he read aloud slowly. "Fifty pounds, Cash, Digger. September 28, five pounds, Cash, Digger."

Leith said easily, after another pause: "Well, I suppose there are a good many Diggers in this city, aren't there?"

"That's right. Oh yes, Mr. Henderson, it could have easily been some other soldier she had these money transactions with." He turned to Nora. "Maybe Miss Russell could help us. Did you see any other soldiers in her flat, Miss Russell?"

She shook her head. How very bad it sounded to have to say no.

"No," she answered. "I—I didn't see any others."

"Did Miss Breen work at any canteen? Was she connected with any soldiers' organisations?"

"Not that I know of," Grogan let it drop.

"What time did you get in this evening, Commander?" he said, turning to Owen.

"One o'clock," Owen said promptly.

"Just before Miss Russell found the body?"

"That's so. I was getting undressed when she came knocking at the door."

Manning leant across and said something in a whisper to Grogan. The Inspector listened, his eyes still on Owen's face with its cool, aloof

expression. Then he said: "The sergeant here tells me that the constable on duty at the jetty was walking past at eleven-thirty and says he saw you pay off a taxi and enter the building."

Owen stood quite still, a dark flush spreading over his face and neck. But Marjorie had gone pale.

After what seemed quite a time he said thickly: "Yes . . . well, yes . . . that's so. As a matter of fact I did get in at that time. I—I didn't mention it because people are bound to misunderstand the smallest thing you do."

"Yes? Well, suppose you let's have it now?"

"I came up about eleven-thirty. I knew my wife was tired—probably asleep, and I wanted a cup of coffee. I saw Miss Ashworth's light on, so I went in and she gave me coffee and sandwiches."

A silence fell on the room, a silence as vibrant as the sound that sets bells murmuring and glasses ringing.

"And how long were you in her flat?"

"About an hour and a half." He rapped the words out savagely.

"So you got into your own place just before one, eh?"

"Yes."

"Your story's different from Miss Ashworth's?"

"Probably."

"She says she came in at eleven-thirty, had a little supper alone, and was in bed and asleep soon after."

Owen gave a short laugh. "Yes, no doubt she would say that. For the same reason that I first denied I was with her. For fear people might misunderstand a casual meeting because it was late at night."

This was for Marjorie, but she did it answer his glance. She just sat looking ahead of her with expressionless brown eyes that hardly flickered. Everyone knew what she was thinking; either there was an hour and a

half that he couldn't account for which linked him frighteningly with the murder, or he had spent that time alone with Essie. It was difficult to say which alternative was the harder for Marjorie to take.

"Maybe we'd better get Miss Ashworth in again," Grogan said, and sent one of the constables across. As the front door opened the lift stopped and Pike and Miss Krausz came in.

The word police had frozen Miss Krausz into stillness. It was as though, behind her hostile stare, pictures from the past were flickering—endless questioning, pain, terror, humiliation. She came to a halt just inside the door.

Grogan surveyed her—dark, leathery, secretive. "What's your name?"

"Krausz, Anna Krausz."

"Born where?"

"In Budapest, Hungary."

"You knew Miss Breen, did you?"

Miss Krausz said in harsh, broken English: "Yes and no. I knew her and I did not know her. I cleaned

her flat, and sometimes cooked. I know nothing of her killing, or why."

Some of Hitler's victims blossomed into bigger and better people. Some, like Miss Krausz, grew bitter and tough, wanting to pay back all the hate and suffering. Miss Krausz daubed a little blunt moustache on everyone, and set them up for a scapegoat.

"What time did you go down to-night after clearing up Mrs. Curtis' party?"

"It was half-past eleven."

"Did you see anyone about?"

"There was no one."

"All quiet, eh?"

"Ja. But the door of this flat was a little open, and the radio was playing a little . . . very softly . . . and the dead lady was saying good-night to a soldier."

A soldier! A small ripple ran round the room.

"What soldier?"

"I did not see him."

"How did you know it was a soldier, then?"

Miss Krausz lowered her prime-black eyes contemptuously. "Her words were as a view of him."

"Why? What did she say?"

"She said, 'Pleasant dreams, Digger. Good night.'"

Again a ripple, like an electric current, passed from one to the other. Miss Krausz repeated: "Digger—that is Australian soldier? Yes? Is it not so?"

"That's right. Well? Didn't he come out then?"

"I did not see. The lift came up and I descended."

"You don't know who this soldier was, then?"

"No," said Miss Krausz.

"Didn't hear him speak, recognise his voice?"

"No," said Miss Krausz.

"Haven't any idea, eh?"

"No." Negatively she shrugged, shutting up like a clam now that she saw she'd got on to something he wanted to know.

"O.K." His tone released her and she stepped back, still with that look of bitter contempt on her face, as though she thought even the police here didn't know their job—no whips, no rubber truncheons.

Grogan asked Nora: "Do you know

"I've told you I was asleep and know nothing of this murder," Essie said dramatically.

anything about this soldier being here, Miss Russell? What time did you go to bed?"

Nora's confusion was plain. She wished she dared say she'd been round till eleven-thirty and no soldier had been in. But she was afraid to lie with those cool, probing eyes fastened on hers.

"I went to bed at about half-past ten," she told him, "when we finished work."

"In which room?"

"The little room overlooking the green."

"Then someone could have been here talking to Miss Breen and you wouldn't have heard it?"

It was lucky she didn't have to answer this. Essie came in just then, the usual star entrance—forward, thrusting, expectant of all eyes.

"What in the world do you want me for again, Inspector?" she said, that deep, vibrant note coming dramatically into play. "I've told you I was asleep and know nothing of this murder."

"Yes, but Commander Curtis tells us he called in to see you at eleven-thirty, and

was there till one o'clock."

"Oh! . . ." She drew in her breath sharply.

"He was seen coming into the building at eleven-thirty, and he didn't go into his own flat till one. He says he was with you."

"It's not true."

"You deny his story, do you?"

"Yes, I do." Her eyes were as hard as blue glass.

Quite suddenly Essie's temper went, and her voice sharpened. "I didn't care what time he came in, or where he went. It's nothing to do with me. I was alone. I didn't see him. It's no use him trying to fasten some shady story on to me. I don't have men in my flat at all hours when my husband is away, and if anyone tries to suggest—"

"Now, hold on a minute, Miss Ashworth—"

"You're wasting your time, Inspector," Marjorie's cold voice broke in. "She'll stick to her story. She doesn't care who's implicated, so long as her husband doesn't find out the truth."

"Huh! This is a new line from you, Marjorie. Only a few hours ago you thought me more fatal than murder."

"Now, wait a minute. What have you got to say to this, Commander?"

Owen stepped to the table and butted his cigarette viciously. "Nothing," he said. "I've got nothing to say if Miss Ashworth denies that I was in her flat."

"Very well," said Grogan. "That's all for now."

Pike was looking a bit silly. It didn't look so good now for his idea that no one in the building knew anything about the crime.

Quite a while later, when Grogan came out of the flat, the Curtis' door was open and Marjorie was waiting for him. Owen had gone to bed, but she had hovered just inside her door, and every time a footstep sounded she had crept out to look.

Already her face looked thinner, older, though she wasn't old—only the same age as Owen—but that was ten years older than Essie. Ten fatal years to strike terror to the heart! She couldn't take any comfort from the smoothness of her creamy skin, the grace of her boyish figure.

At last her watching was rewarded. Grogan appeared.

"I want to speak to you a minute, please." She spoke in a whisper, facing him on the dim landing between the closed doors. Her eyes were burning. She had had a knife in her back, too, but she hadn't died of it. She said, speaking close to him: "That woman in there."

"Miss Ashworth?"

"Yes. I think you ought to know how she hated Miss Breen."

"Well now, hate's rather a strong word, isn't it? Of course everyone knows in a big block of flats there are all sorts of rubs and difficulties, but I reckon we don't need to take too serious a view of that sort of thing." His words rambled loosely, but his eyes were on Marjorie's twitching mouth. Her foot tapped dangerously.

He went on, leading her up to her explosion: "I dare say Miss Ashworth's feeling a bit sore with herself now for complaining to the caretaker."

Please turn to page 23



Virginia found herself among a group of giggling girls.

SHE QUITE AGREED

By DUANE DECKER

RECENTLY, prominent psychologists had been quoted in the newspapers on the subject of women storming theatres to swoon in ecstasy at the crooning of one Russ Powell. The psychologists seemed to agree on one major point; leaving out the starchy-eyed adolescents, the rest were chiefly frustrated mothers vicariously trying to fill a void in their married lives. It indicated a social problem.

Of course, that was utter drivel. Virginia just happened to think of it as she heaved and shoved with the rest of the long line leading to the box office. It was pure nonsense, but—a stray elbow from somewhere in the mad matinee maelstrom suddenly pierced her ribs sharply. She said "Ouch," out loud, gritted her teeth, and heaved forward again with the line.

No, the psychologists were really off the beam. She hardly fitted into their convenient cubbyholing. They could hardly call her frustrated. After all, she was a normal, dignified woman of thirty, with three fine children, a large and impressive home, a maid, even in these times, and a husband she loved very much. To attach unpleasant psychological underpinnings to a simple enjoyment of—

She lost her balance as the line gave a fresh surge, but fortunately two women caught her as she started to fall.

"Thank you very—!" she began gratefully, but just then the surge turned into a mighty pinch, and she found herself among a group of giggling girls. But never mind. She was almost at the theatre door.

After all, she thought, psychologists were just a bunch of shrivelled-up old men. She rather liked that, as soon as she thought of it. She must remember it, in case she ever bumped into a practising psychologist. She'd tell him, with detached amusement, "After all, you boys are just a bunch of shrivelled-up old men."

Now she was directly opposite the entrance. A placard proclaimed: "In Person—Russ Powell, the Voice That Thrills Millions—One Week Only." Below it, reproduced on a huge silver and blue banner that waved in the wind, was a blown-up picture of a young man, dressed in the blue polo shirt, open at the throat—his familiar magazine-picture outfit.

His voice on the radio was earnest, husky, full of longing and urgent warmth. You didn't have to be frustrated to respond to it. You just had to appreciate the ballad type of crooner.

Suddenly she found herself face to face with the box office—at last. She stuck out a note. She grabbed her change and her ticket, and sped inside as fast as her dainty high-beeled suede pumps could carry her.

The show hadn't started yet because she'd come early to avoid the real crush. The lights were still on. She marched down the carpeted incline, eager to locate a seat near the front where she could really enjoy things. She spied one, round the tenth row, and squeezed into it.

On her right a noisy group of girls chattered and squealed. Virginia turned away from them. On her left she found a lady who was fortyish, plump, and busy with peanuts. Peanuts had two movie-fan magazines on her ample lap. Peanuts smiled warmly at Virginia. It was the painfully sweet, all-enveloping smile of a woman's-club president welcoming a new member into the fold. Virginia resented it and watched the smile would whisk off Peanuts' face.

"We got good seats," Peanuts said cheerfully.

"They're fine," Virginia said. "They tell me," Peanuts said in a confidential tone, "he sings 'Give Me Back My Dream Girl.' And he can tear your heart out with that, can't he?"

"I don't know," Virginia said. "I haven't heard him do it." This was not the truth, but she began to feel a frantic urge to draw a line some-

where between these psychologists' set-ups and herself.

Just then, fortunately, the lights went out. The feature picture began. An hour and a half later the lights went on again. The band began to play. The curtain went up.

The young man on the placard stood there fondling an amplifier. He was singing "Give Me Back My Dream Girl." Peanuts nudged Virginia. The lyrics became a throaty whisper and the young man was holding them all in his hand. He was just an earnest young man with wide blue eyes and a blue polo shirt open at the throat. But he had something, all right. He wore a fuzzy camel's-hair sweater that made his shoulders look twice the width of his waist. Murmurs of delight rose and fell through the wistful hush of the theatre.

When the curtain dropped, it seemed to Virginia just like the time she'd come out of ether. She'd simply been in another world. But she was back—because Peanuts was smiling at her again. Peanuts said, "Now! Wasn't I right?" "Yes," she said. The word was out of her mouth before she'd consciously arrived at a decision. A crack of one of the psychologists came to her then: "It is an oplate, enabling them to escape from a reality they are not satisfied with."

It was quite late when Virginia arrived home. The spell of the young man on the placard still hung over her, even as she approached the house. She looked guiltily at the white bigness of it, set back on the broad, lovely terrace. No woman could ask for a finer home.

When she opened the door, her feeling of guilt turned to shame. Three children, handsome and healthy, charged gleefully at her. They kissed her, one by one. Was any woman, with all this, in her right mind to battle her way into a theatre for something a crooner had to give?

Katy, the maid, stuck her head through the kitchen door. "I put the meat in over an hour ago. He's

always so fussy about it being done just so, maybe you better look at it."

"Yes, I will, Katy," she said. Hurriedly she hung up her coat and hat and went into the kitchen. She began to feel the drabness of everyday things settling down over her like a net, and she felt ashamed.

While she was poking at the roast she heard the front door open. The children gurgled one delighted word in unison: "Daddy!"

She looked at the clock and groaned softly. The roast wasn't ready. And he was such an old Betty about eating his meals on time.

From the other room he called, "Dinner ready yet?" "It'll be a little late," she called back.

"It's always a little late," he said. Silence. A strain of "Give Me Back My Dream Girl" kept running incessantly through her mind. She frowned.

Then he called, "I see you didn't get anybody here to fix the garage door yet. It's still stuck." "I forgot," she said. "I'll call them to-morrow for sure."

"Somebody look my pipe cleaners out of the desk drawer," he complained.

She turned in anger. Just as the kitchen door opened. She glared at him.

He was an earnest young man with wide blue eyes and a blue polo shirt open at the throat. He still wore his fuzzy camel's-hair sweater that made his shoulders look twice the width of his waist.

"You didn't even change to street clothes," she said.

"What's the use?" he said. "I have to beat it right back for the nine-o'clock stage show, don't I? I wish a meal could be cooked on time so I didn't always have to swallow it and run."

She sighed and pushed the roast back into the oven. She gave up. She'd quit kidding herself. The psychologists were right. She quite agreed that the young man on the placard could give a woman a lift that a husband never could.

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ISLAND OF THE SUN

Dramatic story
of an exile

THE island, rather than the raft approaching it, seemed to be floating on the sea. Its glittering rim of beach rested lightly on the water.

Wilson's head was bent over the soggy remains of the chart. "It might be Buka," he said, "or the north end of Bougainville."

"Too far west," said O'Hare.

Flight-Lieut. Plummer swept his binoculars in a slow arc. "It's not Bougainville," he said.

"Make anything out, sir?" Bradley asked.

"Beach, palms, hills. I'd say it was a small island from the look of the hills."

"Maybe it's uninhabited."

"Maybe," Plummer lowered his binoculars, and the lines of his boyish face were taut. "We'll find out soon enough."

The four men sat silent, their eyes fixed on the approaching shore. The enormous yellow sun beat down upon them. The skin of their faces and arms was red and swollen, and their clothing was stiff with brine. Beneath them the canvas floor of the raft swelled and undulated to the shifting pressures of the sea.

"I wish we had a gun," O'Hare said.

"Fat lot of good one gun would do us," grunted Bradley.

"We could make a show, anyhow." Beyond them the island hung motionless as a painting.

"Run for the trees the minute we touch," Plummer ordered. "Don't bunch up."

A long comber raised them and propelled them swiftly forward; then it broke in a cascade over their stern. The raft bobbed, wove, tilted, righted itself again. Then it began to spin. A second breaker pounded over the stern, and a third buffeted them from the side. All at once the raft stuck fast, impaled from below. There was a sound of ripping canvas, and an instant later the surf was foaming about their armpits.

"Quick now!" the young flight-lieutenant shouted.

They struggled, half swimming and half crawling, through the breakers. Then suddenly they were upright on their feet, splashing through the shallows, racing across the sand. In the shadow of the coconut palms they threw themselves on the grassy earth, panting.

They rested for a few minutes and then began moving cautiously forward among the trees. Roots and vines tangled about their feet, and a sea of brilliantly flowered shrubs flowed waist-high across the gently rising ground.

Every few moments, at a signal from Plummer, they stopped and listened, but the only sounds were the booming of the surf and the chatter of unseen birds.

They crept on in this fashion for ten minutes. Then the young officer, who was in the lead, thrust himself through still another screen of leaves and blossoms and found himself standing in the middle of a narrow path. He came to such an abrupt halt that the men almost stumbled over him.

On the path, not ten yards distant, and walking slowly toward them was a man.

"He's white!" Bradley said, in a gasp.

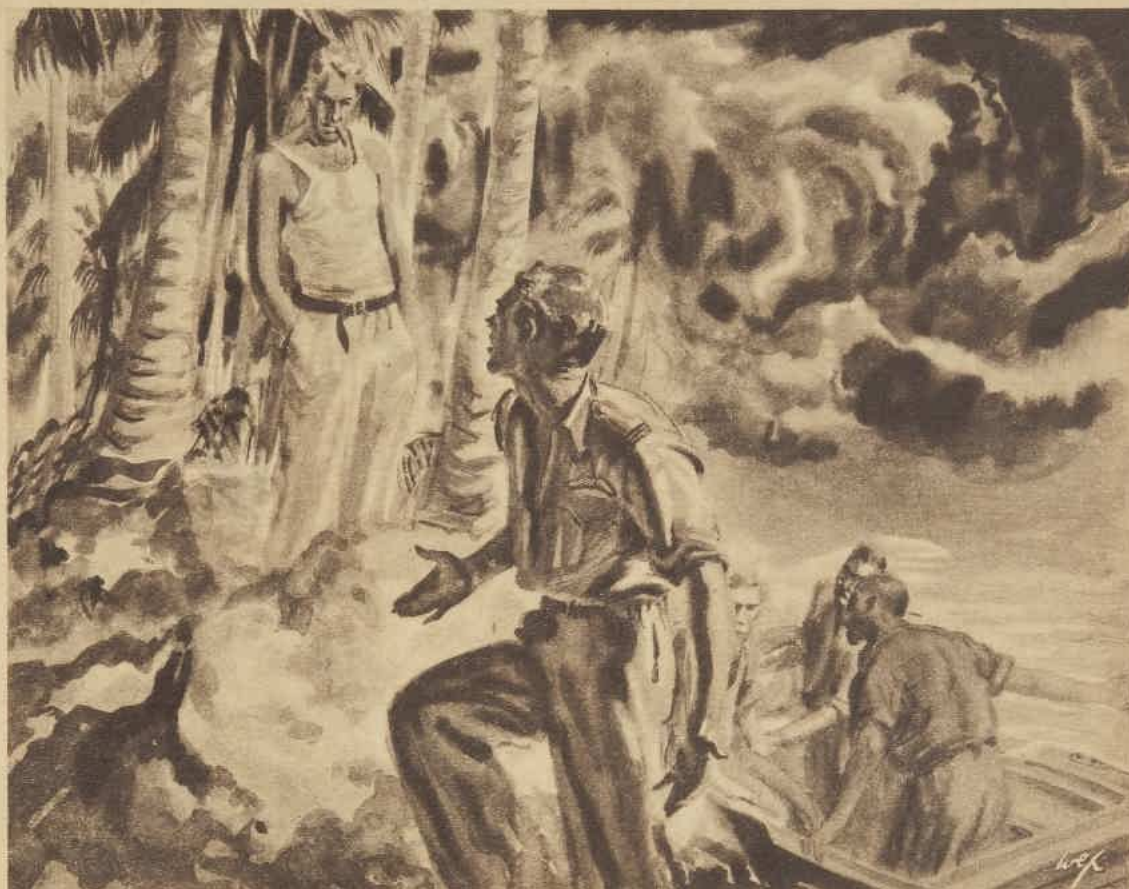
The newcomer glanced from one to another of them, without speaking. He was a shaggy goat of a man, scrawny yet powerful, dressed in a dirty white singlet and sagging ducks. His small, wide-spaced eyes were a brilliantly sharp, opaque blue.

"And who are you?" he inquired.

"He talks English!" exclaimed Wilson.

The stranger gave him a leisurely stare. "I speak English, French, German, Dutch, Chinese, Malayan, Melanesian, Tongan, and Medieval Latin," he said. "You may answer me in whatever you prefer."

Flight-Lieut. Plummer stepped forward. "We're Australian airmen," he said quickly. "I'm the officer in charge. We lost our plane at sea yesterday morning and came ashore



less than an hour ago. We want to know where we are and who's in control here."

"You're a very businesslike young man, aren't you? Well now, Pilot—" "Plummer is my name."

"Well, now, Plummer, suppose I answer the first of your pithy questions first. You are, I deeply regret to note, on the island of Tamamamaul."

"Never heard of it," said Plummer. "It's not likely that you would have," the man agreed. "Nor is it likely that you would be able to pronounce it if you had. It means 'Island of the Sun,' in case you're interested in etymology."

"Who lives here?"

"Alone?"

"Oh, no. There are about three hundred members of the Waukeroia tribe."

"And that's all?" Plummer asked.

"Those are all the permanent residents of Tamamamaul, yes. The Japanese are merely—ahh we say?—transients."

"How many?"

"Where are they?"

"I'm afraid I haven't taken the trouble to count them," the stranger replied. "Their headquarters are in the village on the far side of the island."

"Who are you, anyhow?"

"My name is Jacob Rand."

"What are you?"

"I am a painter."

"I mean, what are you doing here? Where do you come from?"

"I am a Tamamamaulian," the other replied.

He turned to go, but Plummer blocked his way. "Look," he said brusquely: "we've been washed ashore. Our life raft was destroyed. We have no guns, food, anything. You've got to help us."

"Help you?" Rand repeated.

"You aren't concerned with the war, I suppose?"

Rand shook his head. "No, I find it doesn't interest me. However—"

his small, glittering eyes looked the four men up and down—"the island of Tamamamaul has certain standards of courtesy, even if our unwanted guests have not. Since you are obviously incompetent to take care of yourselves, I shall instruct my servants to provide you with food and shelter for the night. You may follow me if you wish."

They followed a path through the towering trees, between dark, lustrous walls of leaf and fern. Then the jungle fell away, and they came out suddenly into brilliant, golden sunlight. In front of them, to either side, was the sea, and in the centre, projecting out into it, a small wooded peninsula. The neck of the peninsula was no more than fifty yards wide, and across it sprawled a lush growth of palms, banyans, and hibiscus shrubs. Scattered amidst the greenery and scarcely visible in its brilliant tangle were a half-dozen thatched huts.

By

JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

A tall, almost naked brown boy approached through the trees, and Rand spoke to him briefly. Then, without a backward glance, he disappeared into one of the huts.

He did not show himself again. The boy indicated to the four men that they should follow him, and led them to another hut. They sat on woven mats on the ground while he brought them water to wash in. Then he went away again, and returned with a baked fish, papaws, and coconut milk. They ate silently and ravenously, and when they had finished they sat and looked at one another.

"What goes on here?" said Bradley. Plummer rose to his feet. "That," he announced through tight lips, "is what I propose to find out."

Dark had now come, and the world of forest and sky had faded to a liquid, luminous purple. The

"We're waiting for you, Rand," the young flight-lieutenant shouted.

only sounds were the faint murmuring of water and the low, measured singsong of chanting voices from one of the huts.

Plummer approached the hut and stepped inside. Three or four natives were squatting against the walls. In a far corner, sprawled in a cane chair with his feet on a table, was Rand.

The chanting stopped. Rand looked at Plummer with cold blue eyes. "Well?" he asked.

"I've got to talk with you," Plummer said.

"I believe I've already told you, young man, that I am not interested in your war." Rand took a painted gourd from the table and drank from it. "What I am interested in at the moment is listening to the naive yet stimulating rhythms of the Melanesian Pareu-pareu chants and getting pleasantly drunk on kava."

Plummer was silent a moment, staring at him.

"And how about us?" he asked.

"I'll instruct one of the boys to bring you some kava. You can get drunk, too."

The next morning the sun shone, the brown men moved languidly back and forth under the trees, and Rand was nowhere to be seen. The four men circled the wooded promontory that jutted out into the sea; then they returned to the neck of land where the huts stood.

"What do you make of it, sir?" Wilson asked.

Plummer shook his head slowly. "It's the local nut-house, is my guess," said Bradley.

They peered, one by one, into the huts. These were dark and empty. Finally only one was left. It was by far the largest of the huts, a long, rectangular, high-roofed structure. With Plummer in the lead, they approached it, pushed open the walled door—and stood rooted.

The earthen floor was a welter of

painters' gear. Tubes, jars, brushes, easels, mixing pots, turpentine kegs, rolls of canvas and buckram, sections of scaffolding lay scattered about in choked and dizzying confusion. On a rough, wooden work bench was a pile of twenty or thirty unframed paintings, and here and there on the floor were other piles.

It was not at these, however, that the four men stared. It was at the walls. In front of them, round them, above them, the entire interior of the hut seemed to be exploding against their eyes in a wild phantasmagoria of color. From corner to corner, and from floor to ceiling was spread a gigantic, gleaming panorama of jungle, sea and sky.

The four men stood motionless.

Bradley swore softly under his breath. The others said nothing. Plummer began circling the hut, slowly picking his way amidst the litter on the floor. Every few moments he stopped and stared, motionless, only his eyes moving. Then, on the enormous wall canvas, near the floor, he noticed an inscription in fine black lettering. Approaching, he read it.

"What does it say, sir?" Wilson asked from the doorway.

"It says Rand, Tamamamaul."

"That's all?"

Plummer nodded. "The Island of the Sun."

Presently he rejoined the others, and after a few moments they left the hut silently, closing the door behind them. Then suddenly they stopped. Slung between two nearby tree trunks was a hammock; and in the hammock was Rand, watching them.

"Making yourselves at home?" Rand said.

Plummer approached him. "We've been trying to find out what goes on here."

"And have you?"

Please turn to page 15

Slim as a Sapling

YET YOU COULD
HAVE CALLED HER
"THE GIRL WITH
THE HIPS!"

She has a new summer frock, and the warm glow of youth. But it's not until she steps into a Berlei that she steps into beauty. For like many other youthful lasses she's a Swayback type . . . speaking technically. And her bosom is small and neat, her waist finely shaped. But take away her Berlei, and the emphasis is on her wide hip-line, the somewhat accentuated thigh. With a Berlei—cunningly fashioned for this one type—how well she wears her clothes! Her figure matches them in smartness. Her thighs are smoothed into long suave curves, her supple waist has a delicate air. And Berlei has the same magic touch for every one of the five figure types—(one of them is yours). Tailored true-to-type, a Berlei Foundation fits your size and flatters your shape.

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A FEW PEOPLE

She was more to him than just a girl—she was a precious symbol

I WAS on the porch reading when Si came up the path. Of course, I didn't know his name was Si, then. He was just a chap with sergeant's stripes, pretty good-looking, but not what you'd call snappy. He paused at the end of our path and looked at the house. I was surprised when he turned in. You could see that he had never been here before.

Then I thought maybe he was coming to tell us something about Paul. Paul was my brother, and he had been shot down over France somewhere.

All this was going through my head, in scraps, as I watched the strange soldier approach. He came up the steps, walked straight to the door without seeing me, and looked through the screen. Then he took off his cap and rubbed the sweat from his forehead. It was a hot day.

"You looking for somebody?" I said.

He turned suddenly and put his cap on. "Yes," he said. "This where Julie Porter lives?" he said. "Yes, it is," I said. "You want her?"

So that was it. One of the soldiers Julie had met working as a secretary at the camp on her days off.

"I'll get her," I said, and started to go indoors.

"Never mind," he said. "I'll wait till she comes out."

"She may not come out for quite a while," I said.

"Never mind," he said again. "I can wait."

He sat down in the chair that mother usually sat in evenings. The chair looked small under him.

"Look," I said, "she's not doing anything. I don't think. I might as well—"

"Sit down," he said.

I sat down.

He took cigarettes from the pocket of his tan shirt and snapped one, half out of the package, toward me.

I took it, though I almost never smoke.

"You're a sergeant," I said, making conversation.

"I was a sergeant," he said, taking off his cap and holding it on his knee. "You Julie Porter's brother?"

"One of them. There's another one—Paul. Only he—"

"Funny how hard it was to say it. He got shot down over France."

He didn't say anything, but he stared out at the street, his asphalt hot and soft in the sun. His chin looked solid and hard, and his eyes were narrow.

"You know Julie?" I asked.

"That depends on what you mean by 'know,'" he said without looking at me.

Nobody had ever made the kind of impression on me that he did. He looked strong and weak at the same time, like an animal in a new place.

You liked him right off, and you wished he would talk. Maybe the things he had to say were too personal to talk about and there wasn't anything else worth saying. I've felt that way a good many times lately. Nevertheless, you can't just sit with a perfect stranger and not say something.

"You'd never know it was October," I said. "It's so hot."

He looked at me as though the words hadn't registered on his mind, yet he kept his eyes on me and he almost smiled.

Just then I heard steps in the hall, and the screen door half opened, and I could see Julie.

"Harry," she began, "mother wants you to come and—"

Then she stopped. She saw the big soldier. "Oh," she said.

"There's somebody here to see you," I said. "Come on out."

"Oh," she said again, coming out.

The stranger got up and put on his cap. "Hello, Julie," he said. He didn't smile, and he didn't put out his hand.

Julie only looked at him.

"Remember me?" he said.

Julie stared at him a moment, and then she laughed, throwing back her head a little.

"Yes, I do remember you," she said. "Now wait. You're—Simon—Dill—Bradley."

"Good," he was saying. "Maybe you oughtn't to have remembered it so easily."

"That, Mr. Bradley, is unkind. I wouldn't have kept the money—"

She stopped without finishing the sentence.

"Come. Sit down," she said, "and tell me what you're doing here."

Julie sat on the swing. I thought Mr. Bradley was going to sit beside her, but he paused and went back to his chair.

"Harry," she said to me, "you'd better just see what mother wants."

I had long ago learned to leave Julie alone with her boys, but it didn't seem to me that this was a beau exactly. I'd like to have stayed.

Then suddenly I remembered who Simon Dill Bradley was.

"O.K.," I said.

I went inside the screen door and listened long enough to hear him say, "I think I came back to see you—"

Julie.

Simon Dill Bradley. That was the name, all right. For a while it had been a joke in the family. He was the fellow that would make Julie rich if he died—at least, ten thousand dollars seemed rich to me then—because he had made her the beneficiary, as they call it, of his life-insurance policy.

She had told us the story over a year ago one evening when she came back from working at the camp.

The big soldier had come to her desk, and she had told him that you ought to take out ten thousand dollars' worth of life insurance before you go abroad. He took it like any other part of Army routine, and Julie typed his name on the policy.

"And whom shall I make it out to?" she asked.

"Well, me, I guess," he answered.

"No, no," Julie explained. "You see, this is in the event of your death. This is compensation to whatever dependents you may have."

"You can't make it out to me?" he said. "I'm about the only dependent I've got."

Julie said she looked up at him to see if he was laughing, but he wasn't.

And she found out he meant it. He hadn't any mother or father, or sisters, or brothers, or aunts, or uncles. Nobody. Julie had made out a good many policies

at that camp, and she had queer stories, but none like this one. I used to think about it a lot when I thought of being drafted myself, and when I read the letters Paul wrote.

Reading them, I saw home through his eyes and how Mum and Dad and Julie and I were like anchors for him to hold on to. I wondered then what it would be like not to have anybody at all, like Julie's Simon Dill Bradley.

"But there must be some girl," he had said.

"No. I've knocked round."

"It looks as if you'd just have to make it out to me," Julie had said, laughing.

She didn't mean it, of course. And she said she was frightened when she glanced up and saw how serious he looked. When he said, "All right. I will," Julie said she got hot all over.

"No, you can't. I won't let you,"

Mum said it was the saddest story she ever heard.

As I said, Julie's money was a joke with Dad and me, if not with Mum. That is, until word came about Paul. When they told us it was no use hoping any more and Mum got her ten thousand, we all wished it had come from Simon Dill Bradley, though none of us actually said so.

But we stopped talking about it. I always remember Mum's voice when the

cheque came, and she said to Dad, "What's the good of all this money, Phil? What's the good of it?" Her voice was flat and far off. Suddenly ten thousand dollars didn't seem so very much to me, after all.

Anyway, Julie's ten thousand wasn't ever likely to materialise now, with the Bradley fellow himself sitting on our front porch.

Julie had heard from him once, just a short note from Africa, asking for her picture. "All the fellows have pictures of their girls," he said. She found a little snapshot and wrote, "With Love—Julie," in the corner. Dad said she certainly owed him that much.

It took me about two hours downtown, and when I got back Mum said, "Mr. Bradley will be in your

room with you, Harry. He's upstairs now getting ready for supper."

"He's going to stay?" I said.

Julie was standing in the kitchen and didn't say a thing.

"Of course, he is. Where else has he to go?" Mum said.

I could see there had been some disagreement between her and Julie, but Julie was good about it. She kept quiet.

At dinner I could see he wasn't used to the way we did things. After all, why should he be? He held his fork in a funny way, and he left his napkin folded beside his plate.

He scarcely said anything, just listened to Mum talk and looked over at Julie occasionally. He even forgot to eat, sitting there listening. Every once in a while Mum would remind him to eat up and have some more.

The evening passed about the same way. Julie told him what she did in the office and at the camp, but Si didn't talk at all. He answered a few questions and told us that he had been in Africa and Italy, but he didn't give any details.

About 10.30 Mum said, "You must be tired. You and Harry go up. I put things out for you—a pair of Paul's pyjamas if you need them, though I'm afraid they'll be small for you."

I wondered if he didn't want to talk to Julie. But he got up and came along with me.

"Good-night," everybody said as we reached the foot of the stairs.

He turned and stood a minute. "Good-night," he said. "Good-night—Julie."

Julie looked at him, and I could tell there was something queer about her. She was embarrassed or annoyed maybe, I don't know.

Please turn to page 21



"I think I came back to see you, Julie," the boy heard Simon say.

By ERIC MARCH

she said. "After all, you don't have to take it out. You'd better not."

"Yes, I will. What's your name?"

"I won't tell you," Julie had said.

He reached over and picked up the policy of the man who had gone before. At the bottom he saw Julie's name.

Julie was really frightened then. She knew it might look like some sort of fraud, and she went and called the officer. He came over and talked to Si a long time. Then he came back to Julie.

"It's just your good luck, sister. He seems to mean it. I'll O.K. it," he said.

Well, Julie did it, but she said it made her mighty uncomfortable. She made him tell her all about himself. She had a right to know that, she said. How he had run

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Japanese will eat grass, seaweed, tree trunks

Substitute foods being made to ward off starvation in winter

Radioed by MASSEY STANLEY from Tokio

At the risk of acquiring a reputation for hypochondria I must tell you about my indigestion. It is the first attack I have had for years and all because I am a martyr to duty.

Since I landed I have stayed at two Japanese-style hotels and fed on their rations despite the warnings of the medical service.

THE only untoward result of those visits was that on each occasion I returned to Tokio starving, but this time I have gone too far.

The reason why I writhed in bed all last night and to-day am doubled up in my room is that my last meal was with an incredible fellow from Osaka named Kotaro Nishioka.

I would not have faced this orgy but for the fact it was the only way of learning about his peculiar contribution to the solution of the current food problem in famine-threatened Japan.

This middle-aged, chunky, bespectacled businessman is experimenting with food substitutes, samples of which he brought to our charming little dinner, though, heaven be thanked, they weren't on the menu.

But the menu was bad enough. We met at 5.30 p.m., and I followed him as he threaded his way through lanes behind the ruined Ginza, once Tokio's thriving main street, to what he told me was a Tokio "Gentlemen's Club."

It was undoubtedly a regular meeting-place for prosperous, but I fear not thoroughly reputable, gentlemen, even by Tokio standards.

We went to a cloak-room where several kimonos were hanging, much in the same array as a rack of personal billiard cues in the pool room of an Australian club.

Donning one himself, my host handed me a kimono.

Eggs of devilfish

IN stockings feet we then withdrew to a long passage on to which several large paper-walled rooms opened.

They were subdivided into private rooms in the manner of a Chinese restaurant.

In one of these we joined three other kimono-clad gentlemen, who were sipping hot sake from little china cups, poured from a vase-like jar, placed on the table by kneeling maidservants.

Then came the courses of this fateful meal.

First was a dish with cubes of brown gelatine substance.

Nishioka informed me that this was made from eggs of devilfish caught round Hokkaido Island, to the north of Japan.

He did not tell me the secret of how long it had taken to arrive from Hokkaido.

The remoteness of this island, which the Japanese share with the white-skinned, hairy aborigines of Japan, is one of the stark problems of Japanese post-surrender economy.

It is the main source of supplies of coal and foodstuffs such as butter. Owing to the shortage of shipping, the rest of Japan is practically without coal and never has butter.

With this first dish was seaweed soup, a soup which figures nowadays in most Japanese meals.

It is watery, and the strands of seaweed, not entirely revolting, have a taste of slightly tainted outer cabbage leaves.

There was a side dish of a stringy substance resembling slender cheese straws, but with the special color and probable taste of tan bootlaces.



JAPANESE PRIME MINISTER, Baron Kijuro Shidehara, who appealed personally to Gen. MacArthur to permit Japan to import foodstuffs next year.

This, I learned, with what I hoped was politely disguised horror, also originated from distant Hokkaido. It was composed of treated hide of the same devilfish.

More palatable dishes were sections of baked fish, which, I trust, came no farther than from Tokio Bay, and slices of raw fish.

The raw fish tasted rather like underdone lobster, and went down easily with attendant spices, including the peppery seeds of a little plant resembling mignonette.

The staple dish was boiled rice with soybeans, and we finished what my companions, with appreciative belches, voted an excellent meal, with sticky blanc-mange made of soybeans.

There was a shortage of sake, which would have been welcome if only as a mouthwash, but even the club members' manifest intimacy with the black market seemed powerless to correct this.

Gentlemen who could procure devilfish products from far Hokkaido could not bring sake in any quantity to Tokio from Kyoto, where it is plentiful.

Nishioka San, my host, had brought samples of his substitute foods, which were displayed on trays.

He has launched with official approval an enterprise known as the "Japanese Food Substitute Company."

Plea for imports

A FEW days ago Premier Shidehara personally called on MacArthur with a renewed plea for permission to import foodstuffs in 1946.

The Japanese Government has been told that provision against the threatened hard winter is its own responsibility, but argues that the situation is beyond its unaided resources, because of recent typhoons.

Nishioka claims that earlier the Japanese Department of Agriculture was frantically searching for all possible safeguards against famine, and had commissioned him to intensify his experiments in food substitutes.

Dominating the display he produced was a noisome dark mass made from grass and leaves of certain trees.

It was not claimed, said Nishioka, that the substance had any real nutritive except when a minute



IN TOKIO and other cities, Japanese are planting vegetable gardens among the debris of burnt homes, to supplement their inadequate ration.



INTENSE CULTIVATION on Japanese hillside farms. Vast quantities of farm products are obtained by the black market, aggravating Japan's food problem.

quantity of soybean powder was included.

But already leaves of the substance were selling well in an Osaka department store. Streams of Japanese office workers and laborers make their lunch of it. They can obtain it free if they bring to the store a quantity of grass or the particular leaves bigger than that required for a loaf.

Also on sale at this department store was a hot cereal made from seaweed, laced with a small quantity of rice.

It sells at 30 sen (about one penny farthing) per dish.

In a group of substitute staples that Nishioka showed me was a bag of "soybean substitute for rice," a soup powder made from ground soybeans, dried sweetcorn, and raw rice, and a powder made from sweetcorn

which, he said, could be used for babies' food.

On the way to the club he had shown me in a department store another bread substitute, which was already selling in Tokio.

This was made mainly from soybeans with mixtures of sweetcorn and rice powder.

It was not attractive, he said, but fairly palatable when new.

Moreover, people preferred getting these prepared materials to the raw and dried soybeans, which they had in the months preceding the surrender.

These, if not expertly prepared, made an indigestible dish, and many sick and old people died as a result.

Nishioka hopes to improve the flavor of the bread when he evolves the process for mixing in fishmeal. This macabre exhibition would

INFANTICIDE FEARED

JAPANESE officials fear that there will be a wave of infanticide in the coming winter in Japan.

During the war the militarists encouraged an already prolific people to have more children.

Now many low-wage earners fear they will be unable to feed their children if, indeed, they can keep themselves alive.

Acorns are being hoarded against the winter months, and a Tokio doctor has advocated powdered crickets and grasshoppers as a means of combating malnutrition.

This year's rice crop will be the lowest since 1909.

have left me incredulous but for the fact that I was introduced to Nishioka by a responsible official of the Japanese Department of Agriculture. His researches are beginning to be widely publicised in the Japanese Press.

Besides, evidence of Japan's desperate food situation is visible on all sides.

High Japanese officials state that people cannot live on the official ration scale, and that they can do nothing about the black market, which is openly accepted as an indispensable source of supplementary supplies.

The low-wage groups are doomed to starvation if this is not corrected.

The official price of rice, leading Japanese staple food, is 38 sen, or about 2d. per pound.

On the black market (I have checked this at several points) it costs 23/- a pound.

That is in Tokio, where black market prices are lowest. In other big cities such as Osaka it is even worse.

It is only with first-hand knowledge of this staggering deterioration in the economy of a country with 70 million people that the activities of a man like Nishioka make sense.

He told me that he had not brought one of his samples, as the process was not quite perfected.

His chemists were working on a new food powder made not only from leaves but from the dried trunks and branches of trees.

Editorial

NOVEMBER 24, 1945

REMINDER OF OUR DEBT

THE award of the Victoria Cross to two more members of the A.I.F. is not only an occasion for pride. It is a sharp reminder of our responsibilities as a nation.

The Japanese surrendered only three months ago. Yet already we are so preoccupied with our personal and selfish peace aims that we are in danger of forgetting the sacrifices of our fighting men.

The late Corporal John Bernard Mackey and Private Leslie Thomas Starcevic, like countless others, were inspired in their gallant deeds by the belief that victory would bring real peace.

One of them gave his life for that belief.

Victory we won. But the peace is uneasy. The whole world is still riddled with suspicion and distrust. In many countries a major war has been replaced by other clashes.

War is a job mainly for the young and fit.

But in peace there is opportunity for nearly all of us.

The tasks of peace are not so spectacular — nor so dangerous.

For some people there is the role of active leadership. For the majority there is the job of good citizenship, and all it implies—not just the passive acceptance, the inertia, which has led us to two world wars in half a century.

If we are to make any constructive use of victory we shall have to bring to these tasks something of the spirit of sacrifice and comradeship that animated our fighting men.

Butterflies and booby-traps

Good hunting for boys on Bougainville

By L/CPL. LOUIS CLARK

The boys at Bougainville who not long ago went out to stalk the Jap now stalk butterflies, dragonflies, wild-flowers and snakes.

They still have to beware of booby-traps left behind by the Japanese.

The oldest and most popular hobby is butterfly hunting. Only those fortunates who have seen a dazzling fan-like specimen rise like a winged hibiscus from the undergrowth in front of them really understand the thrill of it.

THE double job of keeping eyes on the elusive quarry and on the treacherous creeper—entwined undergrowth usually proves disastrous. "Hook" vines and "strangle" vines have left many an enthusiast with a badly wrenched ankle.

Weird and varied materials are utilised in the construction of a good net, ranging from strips of old mosquito-netting to lengths of kitchen gauze "scrounged" from the "Q" store.

The material is hemmed in a stocking shape upon a semicircle of stout-gauge fencing-wire, which is bound with strips of ground-sheet or canvas to a strong sapling.

An average-sized "Blue Emperor" measures approximately four to seven inches from wing-tip to wing-tip, although rare specimens up to ten inches have been captured, farther east in the Numa area.

The coloring of the "Blue Emperor" is a gorgeous, symmetrical pattern of pale blues and dark blues, purples bordered with black.

Memorise types

AMERICANS will pay up to £5 for a good specimen. The patience and work required to net and mount them certainly warrant the price.

I have filed over fifty specimens, embracing all known colors. My method is to clean the body, dust with an antiseptic powder, and glue down beneath cellophane in cardboard files.

Butterfly hunting is not merely an indiscriminate butchering of every winged beauty in sight. The hunter commits to memory the characteristics of those he possesses, and thereafter these specimens are untouched. The expert "craftsmen" of Bougainville go farther in the "setting-up" stage and cut pieces of multi-colored wings and arrange them beneath platted cellophane as belts and bangles.

A simpler, but very effective, method of mounting is in an ordinary canteen mirror. The three-ply back slab is removed, and the silver is scratched off the mirror back to correspond with the butterfly shape.

The specimen is then carefully inserted, and the wooden back replaced.



These articles fetch good prices as souvenirs at the local island "Paddy's market." This place is a glitter of hurricane-lamps by night, and from the various "shops" you can buy anything from a second-hand propelling pencil to a "pickled" green snake.

I managed to net a "Blue Prince" (a smaller, rarer species of the "Blue Emperor").

I set him up beneath cellophane, and was offered from £3 to £5 for him by the admiring boys.

Another enthusiast advised me to take the "Blue Prince" out on my next trek, and use him as a lure. The following day I carefully packed the "Prince" in cotton-wool, placed him in a cake-tin, and when I reached a clearing in the jungle arranged him realistically upon the fronds of a small fern.

Five minutes passed, and from the surrounding palms flitted three "Blue Emperors."

I thrilled and tensed as they fluttered nearer. I waited until the three were in good range, and struck! Two veered away and were lost to view, but one was enmeshed in the net.

I flipped it over, but, in my excitement, misjudged the action.

The blue beauty struggled free and rose groggily into the air.

Flushed and furious, I lost him in a maze of strangle vines.

I was returning to the clearing when a small white galah glided raucously above my head, swooped over the top of the little fern, and amid ungovernably yells from myself carried off my "Blue Prince" decoy—cellophane complete!

One near-tragedy I experienced, however, was up from Toko toward the Hongari River, the vicinity of Slater's Knoll, where Rattey won the cherished V.O.

The old pillboxes and rusting wires, with their faintly jangling "warning" tins, still bore mute testimony to the bitter days of war.

The sun filtered ethereally through the transept tree-tops and dappled

over the glade beneath; fingering sunbeams touched the red and yellow hibiscus flowers, transmuting them to fragments of ruby and gold. I was striding along the old jungle track, when a "Brown Betty" (a little two-inch brown specimen spattered with pale blue Air Force spots) flitted in front of me.

I shadowed it for several hundred yards, biding the opportune moment for a sure "strike" with the net. It came in the next second. I struck, swore, and missed.

I crashed recklessly through the undergrowth in a final effort to get within striking distance again. There was a terrific explosion. Mud spattered my face, and the sickening blast tossed me. Victorious "plings" whizzed by my ear.

I lay stunned and uncomprehending. Then realization crept sluggishly to my brain. A Jap booby-trap.

Except for a nasty bruise where I was forcibly "sat down," and sundry scratches, I was unscathed. But my net was smashed beyond repair.

An intelligence officer told me that the booby-trap was probably two or three grenades strung with a single release connecting wire. Had it been a recent fixture it would certainly have been R.I.P. for me.

Interesting People



LT.-GEN. S. SAVIGE

... D.G. demobilisation

APPOINTED Director-General of Demobilisation, Lieut.-General Stanley Savige, of Melbourne, enlisted as a private in 1914. Before present appointment, commanded Australian and Allied troops in New Guinea. Also served in Middle East and Greece. Is known throughout Australia as founder of Legacy Club, which aids children of servicemen.



SUBALTERN DAS GUPTA

... served in ack-ack battery MEMBER of India's wartime Women's Auxiliary Corps Subaltern Das Gupta recently visited London with other officers of corps to attend "Victory Over Japan" exhibition. During Japanese air attack on Calcutta. Das served in operational room of an ack-ack battery. Peacetime ambition is to run her own farm in Bengal.



LT.-COL. A. E. COATES

... surgical miracles for P.O.W. FORMER P.O.W., Melbourne surgeon Lieut.-Colonel A. E. Coates, as senior medical officer with P.O.W.s working on notorious Burma railway, was responsible for saving lives of hundreds of 8th Division men, who now call themselves "Coates' boys." He and his assistants improvised instruments, evolved an anesthetic with which he performed hundreds of successful operations. Later was chief M.O. at P.O.W. hospital in Thailand.

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 17 to 25.
SUGAR: 11 to 14.
BUTTER: 10 to 21 (till Dec. 16).
MEAT: Black, 45 to 46; red and green, 49 and 51 (available till Dec. 16).
CLOTHES: Y1-112.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.



RACEGOERS. Lady Morehead and her daughter, Elizabeth, attend Flemington together during their stay in Melbourne. Lieut.-General Sir Leslie Morehead, Lady Morehead, and Elizabeth have had a round of gaiety attending all social functions during visit.



INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT. Lieut.-Commander Kenneth Leigh-Smith, R.C.N.V.R., and his fiancée, Barbara Moore, at a cocktail party given for Barbara and Kenneth's young friends by Barbara's parents, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Moore, at Tresco.



HERO RETURNS. Lieut.-Col. C. G. W. Anderson, only Australian to win V.C. in Malaya, has recently arrived at his home in Young. He is photographed with his wife and their elder daughter, Gay. Col. Anderson was commander of the 19th Battalion.



FAMOUS P.O.W. SURGEON Lieut.-Colonel Ernest ("Weary") Dunlop, A.I.F., and his radiant bride, formerly Helen Mephan Ferguson, piped from church by Pipe-Major McLennan after their marriage at Toorak Presbyterian Church, Melbourne. Attendants are Mrs. Ernest Stevens, Lieut.-Colonel Jim Yeates, Beatrice Blair, Captain Ernest Stevens.

People and PARTIES

WEEK of activity again as Sydneysiders flock back home after Melbourne Cup festivities and post-Cup parties. Admiralty House in a flutter when Duke and Duchess of Gloucester pay fleeting visit to Sydney to make official calls.

Do think it was nice thought of Duchess when she was inspecting Rachel Forster Hospital to pop in and see Mrs. Leonard Avery, who is patient there, and take her a posy of mixed flowers, which she had picked in gardens of Admiralty House that morning.

Mrs. Avery formerly well-known English film star Alma Taylor. Duchess is old acquaintance of Alma's husband, Major Leonard Avery, as they met when they were guests of Governor of Uganda some years ago. . . . Leonard renewed acquaintance when Duchess held exhibition of her watercolors at Grosvenor Galleries, Bond Street, London. Recently the Duchess invited couple to Admiralty House so that she could meet Leonard's charming wife.

LOTS of country interest when June Glasson, of Bathurst, announces her engagement to Lieut. Austin Ellerman, of the 2/29th Battalion, Eighth Division. Austin recently returned from Malaya, and June has been working at the Children's Hospital, Camperdown, for the last three years. Couple rushed up to Bathurst to tell their friends at impromptu party given by the Claude Glassons. . . . Party was, I believe, made even brighter by the color patches of three fellow officers of the 2/29th, who have all recently returned from Singapore — Ben Hackney, Ian McKibbin, and Norman Paul.

CHATTING to Mrs. Hull in lounge at Chevron, Melbourne, before I return to Sydney, I hear news of Hull family.

Believe her daughter, Eoid (Mrs. Geoffrey Bristed) is much recovered from her recent illness, and is now in London at her home at Wilton Place, just off Belgrave Square. Mrs. Hull's son, Major Douglas Hull, who has just been "demobbed," is holidaying in Sydney at Pacific Hotel. Manly, with his attractive wife, who was formerly Nan Shirton, of Moree.

MEMBERS of the Roseville Overseas Comforts Fund have decided to continue their job, as they are still receiving appeals for their work, which they have carried on over the past six years. Mrs. R. Lockhead, who inaugurated the group, is still its capable president.

ANOTHER group which deserves "pat on the back" for its wonderful work is the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ryde Municipality Patriotic Fund, which was formed in October, 1939. Only 22 members have raised more than £3000. President of group is Mrs. W. Harrison.



EX-P.O.W. WEDS. Corporal David Lord, A.I.F., and bride, formerly Jean Walmsley, leaving St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, Jean is eldest daughter of late Mr. B. C. Walmsley, M.L.A., and late Mrs. Walmsley.



BRIDAL GROUP at wedding of Flight-Lieut. Mortley Edwards, of Armadale, Victoria, and his bride, formerly Dorothy Middleton, with attendants Major Jack Kroger, of Melbourne, Lieut. Valda Ikin, A.W.A.S., Bruce Cook, and Pat McCallum.



ENGAGED. Lieut. Daisy ("Tootie") Keast, A.A.N.S., one of the liberated nurses to return from Japan, snapped in Hyde Park with her fiancé, Alan McPherson. "Tootie" is elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Keast, of Junece.

"SALUTE to the Victors" — the R.S.I. Victory Ball will be held this Tuesday night at the Trocadero in honor of our victorious Service leaders and fighting men.

EIGHTH Divvy interest when Lieut. Theo Lee, ex-P.O.W., marries Joyce Weirick at St. Mary's Cathedral, and Padre C. G. Sexton, of the 2/20th Battalion, ex-P.O.W. from Changai, officiates. Lieut. J. Varley, M.C., 2/19th Battalion, ex-P.O.W. Thailand, and son of late Brigadier Varley, is best man as the groom's twin brother, Sergeant Torrie Lee, ex-P.O.W. Thailand, has volunteered to stay in Burma with the War Graves Commission.

TELEPHONE Mascot to congratulate Squadron-Leader Anthony Bartley, D.F.C., R.A.F., on his engagement to lovely English film actress, Deborah Kerr. Anthony tells me they met at a dinner in Brussels when Deborah was there entertaining troops. They chose September 15 to announce the news in London, and the newspaper clippings have recently arrived in Australia. Reason for the date chosen was that Anthony fought in the battle of Britain five years to that date, and was awarded his D.F.C. after shooting down eight German planes.

Couple will marry when Anthony, who is one of the officers in charge at Mascot, returns to England.



RECENT WEDDING. Squadron-Leader Geoffrey Hitchcock, R.A.A.F., and his bride, formerly Margaret Macintyre, cut cake at reception held at "Kayuga," old homestead of bride's parents, Wing-Commander and Mrs. David Macintyre. Ceremony held at St. John's Church, Muswellbrook.

WAITING for her exit permit in England, Phyllis Scully, well-known young Sydney actress, who has just received her discharge as Section-Officer from W.A.A.F., is playing in a repertory company in Folkestone. Phyllis, who was married in England during the war years, is Mrs. Peter Owen, and her trip home is primarily to see her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Scully.

* * * * *

SLEEP is the foundation of good health

* * * * *

How often do you wake up "fresh as a daisy," with that feeling of having had "a marvellous night's rest"? Seldom? The trouble is you are not getting the restful, natural sleep you need—and you cannot FEEL well if you don't SLEEP well.



To fall off to sleep easily and to enjoy the natural night-long slumber necessary to your well-being, doctors recommend a food-drink such as Cadbury's Bourn-vita, before bed. A cup of delicious Bourn-vita will provide, in easily assimilated form, the nourishment which your body needs while you sleep (it is a scientific fact that the body needs more energy during the first hour of sleep than in ordinary waking hours). Made from the protective foods—eggs, barley malt, and full-cream milk—together with chocolate, Cadbury's Bourn-vita is highly nutritious,

containing Vitamins A, B and D, and the minerals, calcium, phosphorus and iron; yet because it is so rich in diastase, the element in food which decides how digestible it is, Cadbury's Bourn-vita will not tax the most delicate digestion. Finally, its calcium and phosphorus soothe and relax the nerves.

Buy a tin of Bourn-vita and drink it each night at bedtime for a month (simply dissolve two teaspoons of Bourn-vita granules in a cup or glass of hot milk by stirring). You will sleep better after the very first night and feel a sense of heightened well-being as the days pass.

Cadbury's



BOURN-VITA

EVERY NIGHT BEFORE BED

As I Read the S.T.A.R.'S by JUNE MARSDEN

WEDNESDAY, November 21, bids fair to produce many problems in the lives of people and nations—particularly in the affairs of journalists and publishers, booksellers, lawyers, clerks, agents, and educationists.

It is a day when things can go very wrong; when spoken and written words live to be regretted; when changes prove unwise.

It is worse for Geminians, Sagittarians, Pisceans, and Virgoans.

November 23 and 24 will run it a close second, and affect gamblers, artists, and children more than others. Especially those whose birthdays fall under the signs Leo, Scorpio, Taurus, Aquarius.

The sun moves into Sagittarius on November 23, bringing important changes to many.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological diary for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Good week ahead, so make plans. Seek change, promotion, gains. Nov. 24, 25, 26 (to 4 p.m.) all very good.

Taurus (April 21 to May 21): Be guarded this week. Very poor to Nov. 20, then fair on Nov. 21 (to 8 p.m.). Routine work best at this time.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): A week for caution. Nov. 20 can be very good. Nov. 21 (midday) fair, balance adverse. Nov. 22 to 23 poor. Nov. 24 (evening) and 25 adverse. Routine work best.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Nov. 20 (midday) fair, balance adverse. Nov. 21 (to sunset) good. Nov. 22 (to 1 p.m.), fair (from 3 to 8 p.m.), balance poor. Nov. 23 very fair (to dusk).

LEO (July 24 to Aug. 24): A peculiar week. Caution advised. Adverse to Nov. 27, 28 (midday) and after 9 a.m.; good, balance poor. Nov. 28 good (to dusk). Seek gains, progress, changes.

VIRGO (Aug. 25 to Sept. 23): A week for quiet living and patience. Nov. 20 and 21 poor, 22 and 23 (noon and late evening) fair, thereafter five cautiously for several weeks to avoid upsets, disaster.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 to Oct. 24): Splendid week on Nov. 20. Use fully. Nov. 21 (to dusk) and 24 poor. Seek modest progress.

SCORPIO (Oct. 25 to Nov. 21): Make good use of Nov. 20, 21 (noon) fair, balance difficult. Nov. 22 good (to 2 p.m. or 3 to 5 p.m.), then poor to late Nov. 24. Use good dates wisely.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 to Dec. 22): Some opportunity weeks ahead, so plan for gains, changes, promotion. Nov. 20 poor, 21 adverse, 24 (forenoon to 1 p.m. or after 5 p.m.), and 25 (to 2 p.m. and after 4 p.m.) very good. Nov. 25 excellent (to 4 p.m.), then poor.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Unspectacular days for most Capricornians, though Nov. 26 and 27 can be fair. Routine best.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 to Feb. 19): Live quietly until late Nov. 26, for indignation, impatience, rashness lead to much trouble. A week for the ordinary affairs of life. Avoid changes.

PISCES (Feb. 20 to March 21): A very contrary week, needing wisdom on your part. Nov. 21, late 26, and all 27 can be adverse. Design, house, changes. Routine tasks advised now and for some weeks.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.]

Mandrake the Magician

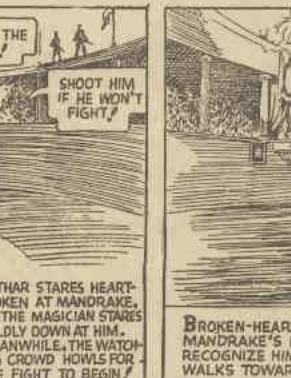


MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are visiting Dementor, which is ruled by a cruel tyrant—**PRINCE PAULO:** Who holds captive in a cage **DORMUS:** Because he is in love with **SYBIL LOUISA:** Beautiful daughter of one of Paulo's greatest enemies, Marlock. The Prince wants to marry Sybil, but she refuses

because she loves Dormus. Mandrake tells the captives he will help them; but they must be patient. Meanwhile Lothar is being forced to fight in the arena. He must open one of four doors. Behind three lie wild beasts; but the fourth leads to freedom. Paulo insists Mandrake watch the fight. Little does Mandrake know that Lothar is to fight.



THEN-- HE'S ALLOWED TO ESCAPE, BUT THAT RARELY HAPPENS, BECAUSE YOU SEE, THE ODDS ARE THREE TO ONE AGAINST HIM. AH-- HERE COMES THE MAN NOW!



"Thank you, my boy. Now be careful going back."

TO BE CONTINUED

David Jones' *For Service*



Bare Midriff Play Suit

26WW1: A three-piece Play Suit—skirt, bra and shorts, in washable cotton with bright red poppy design, bares your middle to the summer sun. Sizes 32 to 38: 88/11, 18 coupons.



Bare Midriff Sarong Swim Suit

139WW1: Gay, printed cotton Suits, these, with a definite South Seas air, what with the sarong, bare midriff and all! White grounds with red, blue, navy, or green patterns. At 38/6 and 5 coupons.

The Two-Piece Slack Suit

26WW2: Chalky white Slacks and a spotted Shirt . . . perfect for outdoors in Summertime. You can choose from blue, green, and gold shirts spotted with white. Sizes 32 to 38. Slacks with placket pocket, sizes 25 to 32. Suit at 73/11, 13 coupons.

IN THE NEW CALIFORNIA SHOP, GEORGE ST. STORE.
ALSO SUNSHINE COLONY, MAIN STORE.

Coolibah Wigwam

61WW1: Here's shade to order in the sunniest weather! You can pitch a Wigwam on the beach or on the grass, it's collapsible and easy to carry; it's made of sturdy duck in two-colour combinations; has a steel wire frame; is 4 feet high, 5½ feet wide; weighs 14lbs. 95/-.

Freight Extra.



139WW3: White, blue, green, pink or gold Mercerised Cotton Jumper, Sizes 32 to 38. 15/4, 6 coupons.

139WW2: Rayon Colony Shorts with the famous placket pocket. White and blue pencil stripes on grey. Sizes 25 to 32: 31/10, 5 cpns.

DAVID JONES' FOR SERVICE . . . POSTAL ADDRESS, BOX 503AA, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

BARING
THE
MIDRIF



"Mum" plays hostess to released child internees

By a member of the crew of H.M.A.S. Platypus

"Mum," oldest ship in the R.A.N., was hostess recently to a party of 145 Dutch and Indonesian children released from internment.

"Mum" is H.M.A.S. Platypus. She gets her nickname, sometimes affectionately, sometimes derisively, partly because, built in 1917, she is older than most of her company, partly because she is parent ship to a flotilla of escort vessels operating from Morotai.

THE corvettes had collected civilian internees—mainly Dutch, with a sprinkling of Australians and Americans—from the Celebes port of Manado, and returned them to Morotai for hospital treatment and rehabilitation.

So we of Platypus, feeling the internees practically belonged to the Navy, decided to lend a hand by entertaining the children.

For a week before the ship's company spent their spare time devising ways to give the children a happy afternoon.

When we learned that only two of the mothers could speak English we drew up some sheets containing a few useful phrases.

But we didn't need them very much, for words are hardly needed when there are lollies and slippers and other childhood delights.

We were warned that the children had a tendency to souvenir—a habit they had acquired of necessity in their fight for existence.

The only way for the internees to live was to gather extra scraps of food.

Only the youngest children had had opportunity to play unnoticed round enemy stores, so as soon as



SWINGS were so popular that there was double-banking and reserve crews stood by to relieve the first attendants.

they could walk they were trained to steal food and clothing.

A slide from the boatdeck to the quarter-deck was the first attraction and was soon doing a roaring trade.

Though a soft landing had been provided at the bottom, many willing hands were on the spot—"Just in case, you know."

Of course, to some of the older boys, such trifles had no appeal.

As soon as they arrived, instinct seemed to lead them forward to the bridge, which was critically examined and tested from every angle.

Many a proud lad stood at the wheel and, in imagination, steered us through perilous seas.

When the young guests wearied of the slide they migrated to the boatdeck for a spell on the swings, or to the quarter-deck, where a sea-saw was proving very popular.

The swing and see-saw attendants were constantly changing. But not so the occupants. Any suggestions that they were tired were answered with a shrill "Nein, nein," or "More."

Another great attraction was a diver's suit with a light in the face-plate of the helmet illustrating a sketch of Popeye.

A microphone in a nearby cabin was connected with a loud-speaker inside the suit, and the children were amused and amazed to hear

voices of their friends coming from the diver's suit.

Younger children were mystified by an arrangement of an electromagnet behind a decorated sheet of three-ply with a box of nails nearby.

They were astonished when the nails clung to the three-ply, still more surprised when the power was suddenly turned off and the nails fell on the deck.

Another infant sat perched high on a pile of boxes, doing his utmost to coax a tune from a trombone.

Though the children talked in Dutch, some seemed to understand English.

There was the lad who badly wanted a sailor's cap. When asked, "Wat is je naam?" (What is your name?), he told us, saying something unintelligible.

Then, taken into an office and shown a typewriter, he produced: "Jan Van Doodemaar, Manado, Celebes."

Handed a not-so-new cap, he looked for some time, and said "I clean."

We were fortunate that our store ship had called at Morotai a few days before, so that the catering departments were able to provide a selection to gladden the hearts of children of any age or nationality. Plates of cakes, tarts, and jellies



ENTERTAINERS wearing gay fancy dress went ashore to bring the children to the party aboard the Platypus.

disappeared in very good time. We noticed a sobering reminder of other times when some got up from the table with a little "something" to carry them on.

Just after tea one of the corvettes sailed past on the first stage of her last voyage—to be "Paid Off" (magical words).

Respective crews lined ships' sides and gave the traditional three cheers—but with a difference. Mingled with these deep cheers were the high pipes of our visitors. At the end of the afternoon all these up to ten were gathered for a distribution of toys.

We were rather proud of the number and variety of these. We provided 200, wooden and felt.

They ranged from hobby-horses and train engines to dachshunds and yoyos. There were skipping ropes, felt kangaroos, Bambi deer, ducks, and dolls' chairs.

At this time I had in my care a quiet, fair-haired youngster who revived memories of my own nephew, except when I looked at the arm that reached out to tweak my ear or pull my hair.

It was barely thicker than my thumb.

He was handed a packet of sweets and biscuits and—wonder of wonders—a hobby-horse.

Prouder than a show rider, he pranced round the deck.

I could tell stories of the lives they had been living, and their hardships. But no—I like to remember the kiddies I knew for an afternoon—normal, happy children, who still knew how to play.



DALMATIAN on wheels pleased this guest, shown with Fred Blight, of Manly, N.S.W.

PLUMMER

stood silent for a moment watching him. Then he took a step forward, and his voice was sharp. "What's your game, anyhow? What are you doing here?"

"I live here."

"How about the Japs?"

"The Japanese don't bother me, and I don't bother them."

"They're our enemies."

"They're not my enemies. My only enemies are termites. And art critics," he added.

"You're British, aren't you?"

O'Hare said.

"I'm a Tamamaraian."

"Never mind that stuff. You come from Britain, don't you?"

"Michelangelo happened to be born in Florence. Van Gogh happened to be born in Groot-Zundert. I happened to be born in London."

"But you no longer consider yourself an Englishman?" he said. "Is that it?"

Rand did not answer immediately.

Instead, he slowly raised himself to a sitting position in the hammock, removed the cheroot from his mouth, and spat. Then he looked at Plummer with insolent blue eyes.

"Look," he said. "You're an airman, and your job is killing. I'm a painter, and my job is painting. I painted in London, New York, and San Francisco, and nobody liked what I painted. They laughed at it."

The only trouble was you can't laugh so hard when you're starving. I came out here twenty years ago to paint, and I did paint, and I'm still painting, and I'm going right on painting, and you and your homicidal boy scouts can shoot off your firecrackers elsewhere."

Rand got slowly to his feet, and sauntered away.

They did not see him again that day. Early the next afternoon he emerged from the jungle path that led down to the promontory. He approached Plummer.

"The Japs know you're here," he said. "I was in the village this morning. They've found some pieces of your raft."

"Did you—?"

"No," Rand said. "I didn't."

"What are they doing?"

Continuing . . . Island of the Sun

from page 5

"Searching the island."

The four airmen looked at one another and the lines of their faces grew tight. "Got any firearms?"

O'Hare asked.

"Only a shotgun."

"That'll be murder against a battalion of Nips," Bradley grunted.

Plummer hesitated a moment, then looked from one to another of them with slow deliberation. "We haven't a prayer. You know that, don't you?"

The men nodded.

"And you know what the Japs would do to this place if they caught us here?"

Wilson's glance travelled from Plummer to Rand, then back again to Plummer. "But, sir, you're not bothering about this old coat, are you?"

"Not about him, no. About —"

He broke off and nodded toward the largest of the huts.

"The paintings, you mean?"

"Yes."

Wilson looked at him curiously for a moment.

Then he shrugged. "Whatever you say, sir," he said. "We'd better get going, though."

At a nod from Plummer he and the other two men headed toward the nearby jungle. Plummer turned to Rand.

"We haven't seen you," he said. "You haven't seen us. Now, get back to your daubing, because it's the only thing you're good for."

For a moment Rand merely stared at him, his small eyes very blue and sharp. "You're clearing out," he said, very slowly and evenly, "to save my paintings?"

"Certainly not to save you."

"And what do my paintings mean to you?"

Plummer hesitated before answering. "I'm not sure," he said at last. "Twenty years of a man's life perhaps."

The other three men were posturing at him from the edge of the jungle. He turned quickly to go.

"Wait!" said Rand. "Call your men back."

Plummer stared at him, hesitating. Then, with a sudden gesture, he beckoned to the others. They rejoined him quickly.

"Come along," Rand said.

He led the way across the wooded neck of land on which the huts were built and out on to the little promontory beyond. They picked their way through a tangle of banyans and palms. Then the lush growth ended, and before them an embankment of coral-crusted rocks fell away to the sea. Moored in a deep embrasure in the rocks was a small boat with an outboard motor.

"Holy cat!" murmured Bradley.

Rand turned to Plummer. "The motor's out of order," he said. "Are any of you men mechanics?"

Wilson and O'Hare scrambled down the rocks, climbed into the boat, and squatted beside the engine. The two men bent over it, examining its parts, and the others watched silently from above.

"Can you fix it?" asked Plummer.

"I think so, sir. It may take a while, though." He glanced up at Rand. "Got any tools?" he asked.

"A few," the painter said. "Under the seat there."

"We'll need petrol and water," Plummer said to Rand.

"And food, sir," Bradley added.

Rand nodded, and the two men

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"I'm learning you boys. I play a pretty fast game."

cut quickly across the promontory to the huts. In five minutes they had assembled a half-dozen tins of petrol and water and a packing-box of canned food and fresh fruit.

Plummer took the tattered remnants of his navigation chart from his pocket, spread it on a flat rock, and bent over it.

"It doesn't show any Tamamaraian," he said.

Rand pointed a gnarled finger. "Elton is the European name." He traced a line on the map with his thumbnail. "Bear south-west," he said. "There's this small island—Kurua. There are no Japs on it, and the natives are friendly. From there it's only about another fifty miles to Choiseul."

Suddenly there was a faint noise among the trees behind them. Turning, they saw the gleam of a sleek, brown body in the foliage, and a moment later one of Rand's native boys was standing beside them, panting. He and the painter spoke briefly in a language the others could not understand.

Rand turned away from him and looked down at the men in the boat. "How much longer will it take you?" he asked.

Wilson shrugged. "Ten minutes, maybe longer."

"Better work fast."

"It's the Japs?" Plummer asked.

Rand nodded.

"Where are they?"

"The boy says there's a patrol about a mile away."

Without another word Rand turned and strode toward the huts. Plummer beckoned to Bradley. "Let's go. We'll see if we can't hold them off a bit."

He glanced down at the men in the boat. "Give a shout when you're ready, boys."

Together, Plummer and Bradley retraced their steps to the neck of the promontory. Rand was standing in front of the largest hut with five or six of his native boys grouped round him. Suddenly, at a signal from him, they began running, and an instant later disappeared among the trees.

Please turn to page 24



HUGE POCKETS give distinction to Robert Piguet's simply designed afternoon frock. It is made of brown silk with all-over white pattern. Falls gracefully into flared skirt.



"**PAPILLON BLEU**" is name given by Marcel Rochas to this frock of blue voile patterned with butterflies. Ruching accents shoulders and hips.



EXTENDED shoulder-line achieved in this Laroche model by draped stole. Hat and frock of white and white silk. Veil, hat, shoes, are new.

PARIS FASHIONS: gay, varied

Pictures by our own photographer

● Film is so scarce in Paris that designers have practically ceased to photograph their models; but our photographer, Alec Stewart, was able to take these pictures, using captured German films. Sight of well-known models posing in street created so much interest that traffic was nearly blocked in Avenue Matignon.



TUBULAR black skirt is overshadowed by very full tunic blouse of red, white, and black check. Designer Heim creates charming effect by using diagonal checks in yoke.



MILKMAID BODICE, buttoned instead of laced, and flared skirt are designed by Heim for morning wear. Brown band on skirt matches bodice.



PIECRUST EDGING is striking note in two-piece ensemble from Marcel Rochas. Extreme severe line is broken by these plaited bands.



MUSHROOM HAT of white straw adds formality to Molyneux's blue and white frock featuring exaggerated full sleeves, full gathered skirt.



ALL ACCENT is on the coat in this Molyneux suit. Abbreviated skirt gives coat deceptive length. Suit is grey and white check.



THREE-TIERED black-and-white tartan skirt is combined most daringly with a faultlessly tailored hip-length jacket by Marcel Rochas, who calls this ensemble "Cygne."



WAISTED JACKET forming a tailored peplum fits snugly over a pleated skirt in this Robert Piguet two-piece suit, with white pattern on red.



EMBROIDERED symmetrical flower pattern is only trimming of any kind on beautifully tailored model from Marcel Rochas. Without coat suit is ideal for indoor wear.



INTRIGUING ACCESSORIES designed by Henri a la Pensee are bracelet and dress-clip with lovers' knot motif. Flowers add color to gloves, belt. Nautical brooch has anchors.

DENTISTRY CAN REMODEL AN UGLY TOOTH

Don't think your looks are spoiled for life because of broken or defective front teeth! Whether it's one tooth or many—you, like the movie stars, can have defective teeth camouflaged so perfectly no one will detect them.

For example, when this girl's permanent front teeth came in they were rough and marred by ugly brown mottling. So over the badly mottled front teeth a dentist fitted jacket crowns... that exactly matched her sound teeth in color and shape... and made all the difference in her looks! Yes, modern dentistry can make teeth more attractive. And daily brushing with Pepsodent Tooth Paste can make them far brighter!



When this girl's permanent front teeth came in they were rough and marred by ugly brown mottling!



Note the difference after a dentist covered the defective teeth with normal-appearing jacket crowns.



Drawn from an actual case record



it's the truth! PEPSODENT

TOOTH PASTE



MAKES TEETH FAR BRIGHTER

PEPSODENT'S unexcelled cleaning and polishing ingredients quickly and positively impart a gleaming sparkle to teeth—regular use maintains this new brilliance.

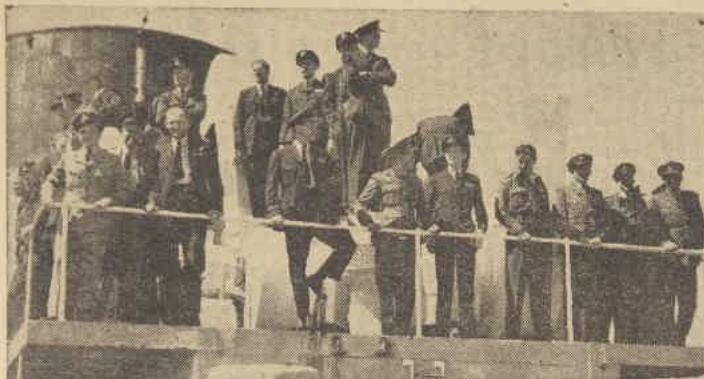
PEPSODENT, with Irium, rapidly, safely, gently removes film which can otherwise destroy the natural lustre of good teeth.

There's a new thrill in store when you start using PEPSODENT for it really cleans teeth. Your bathroom mirror and the extra cheery brightness of your smile will prove it to you. Try it!

*Use Pepsodent
twice a day...
see your dentist
twice a year*

*Only
Pepsodent
Contains
Irium*

Thousands more airmen home from overseas



AIRMEN who returned in the Stirling Castle. There are still some thousands of R.A.A.F. men to come home after several years' service abroad.



One tells story of six months' boredom in Middle East camps since VE-Day

Thousands of airmen have now returned from the Middle East and England, and thousands more are on their way home.

For six months nearly 2000 were in transit camps in Egypt awaiting transport home.

Because of their enforced idleness they became expert at filling in time, christened themselves "Gap-fillers." One of them who was at Kasfareet Camp, Egypt, has written their story for us. He returned to Australia in the Stirling Castle.

By FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT 413498

I WAS one of the Kasfareet gap-fillers. Sitting unemployed in the Egyptian desert we felt so cut off from the world that we reckoned ourselves more lost than any lost legion of fiction.

We were lost in body.

Ninety miles to the west lay Cairo, and in another direction was seething Palestine, which couldn't decide whether it would be Jewish or Arabian.

We could visit these places when political passions were not being exercised, but that was seldom.

Confronting us was the Bitter Lake, a constant reminder of the water we hoped to cross to come home.

We were lost in mind.

There were papers, but mostly of ancient vintage. Editions of The Australian Women's Weekly of 1942 brought us news of the film stars, but a couple of husbands and many rumors out of date.

Even miraculous Mandrake's adventures lacked suspense, as the papers often were not consecutive numbers.

We had to fill in the gaps with our imaginations to make good the missing instalments.

But those were not the only gaps to be filled.

There also were the gaps which came when men, who had been engaged for years in active operations, were suddenly whisked, as we were, from solid work in various parts of Europe to the complete inactivity of a desert transit camp.

As a New South Wales air-gunner friend of mine remarked one day: "Gap-filling is no sinecure. It is an art."

The air-gunner, Mick, was a young man who had had few idle moments in the last three years.

As a member of a bomber crew, Mick had bombed Belgrade and the Skoda works in Czechoslovakia. He had dropped mines in the Danube, once escorted Mr. Churchill to a world conference, and could also speak with authority and relish of the night life of Athens and Rome.

We taught Mick the science of gap-filling. It became an involved business.

For instance, Flying-Officer Geoff. White, of Pinjarra, W.A., devoted himself to reducing water to a drinkable temperature.

Most of us simply bought earthenware jars from the Egyptians. In these we could keep the water more or less cool.

For a gap-filler, however, earthenware jars are crude devices. You cannot fill in time by using them.

From pieces of wire and two old pairs of bathing-trunks Geoff constructed an object that resembled a Coolgardie safe.

In this he kept several bottles filled with water.

It is doubtful whether water could be kept as cool in Geoff's safe as in an earthenware jar, but that didn't matter. To keep the safe in operation many man-hours of labor were needed.

The safe was inclined to leak and flood the tent. Geoff kept himself employed for long periods working out methods of stemming the flow.

He called his invention "The Beaut Water-cooler," and let it be known round the camp that it was a contrivance of some ingenuity. For days he was surrounded by curious men who came to inspect it.

Most of them when they saw it



THREE VETERANS from the Middle East. L. to R.: Squadron-Leader C. G. Greaves (Melbourne), Wing-Commander Jack Rees, D.F.C. (Newcastle), S/Ldr. A. Smith (Townsville).

declared that they were not impressed.

For them it was simply a Coolgardie safe, and not a very good one at that.

This enabled Geoff to start an argument and to give long demonstrations to prove that a "Beaut Water-cooler" was as different from

a Coolgardie meat-safe as chalk is from cheese.

Geoff left on a draft before the last, and in the interests of time-wasting bequeathed his invention to me.

By this time the cooler was working so satisfactorily that it did not require anyone in constant attend-

LANDING-CRAFT takes some of the "gap-fillers" of Kasfareet out to board ship for home.

ance. It seemed to be losing its function as a gap-filler until I hit on the idea of using it as a subject for correspondence between Geoff and me.

I spent many profitable gap-filling hours writing long treatises to Geoff on further improvements I had made to the original.

Kasfareet, apart from other amenities, boasted a picture theatre where R.A.A.F. men could view Hollywood lovelies on the screen at no charge.

A mile up the road from the camp was another cinema, where the same lovelies could be viewed in similar surroundings at five pence (1/-) per person.

Gap-fillers would often go to this theatre in preference to the one in the camp because walking there killed at least twenty minutes.

In Kasfareet, time-killing, following the great advances made by the water-cooler expert, advanced with rapid strides.

In our circle the highest development was said to have been achieved by a young pilot-officer who was reputed to have made a practice of visiting the shower-room daily and deliberately leaving behind his soap.

This enabled him to walk all the way back to his tent to retrieve the soap, and thus another five minutes bit the dust.

As the weary months dragged by and still no ship arrived, the long battle seemed to be going against us. Time was winning the struggle.

The sense of humor of the men that had kept their spirits from flagging began to fray.

Tempers became short, and all the devices to kill boredom began to wear thin.

Minds were turning more and more toward home. It was not so easy now to hide our thoughts about Australia behind a jaunting exterior.

More time passed, till one day the camp was electrified with excitement when news came that a ship would shortly be leaving England for Suez to pick us up.

A previous ship that had been earmarked for our use had caught fire when in port in England and had been put out of commission.

But this time the news was genuine. We would definitely be leaving.

We boarded the ship at Suez, to discover it was already tightly packed with men from England, but that caused us no worry. It was a boat and it was going to Australia.

The gap-fillers were changed men now. The waiting was over. They were on the move at long last. As the boat drew out of the harbor they leaned on the rails watching the sun set over Egypt for the last time.

If you could judge from their smiling faces, they were happy at last.

Flying farewell to Aquitania as R.A.A.F. draft sails

Radioed from our London office

"Coney B. Baker to Control . . . Coney B. Baker to Control . . . How are you receiving me . . . How are you receiving me . . ."

As the engines warmed up for the take-off the pilot's voice came flatly through the headphones, checking details before the "operation" commenced.

BUT this was no ordinary "op." We were on our way to farewell the 2153 members of the R.A.A.F. who had just left England in the Aquitania for repatriation to Australia.

And, as the control-officer said, it was going to take "a nice bit of Coastal Command work" to find the target.

The weather was bad, visibility practically nil, and we had only an approximate course for the Aquitania, which had left Southampton at 430 that morning.

After crossing the coast, we started on a "sweep," with instructions from the pilot to keep a sharp look-out for the ship.

Clad in an oversized flying suit, "Mac West," and parachute, I was quite incapable of moving, and could only watch straight ahead.

After I had proudly pointed out a small coastal vessel, and been told firmly that the Aquitania had four funnels and displaced 46,000 tons, I stopped trying to be helpful.

Suddenly we swung into a bombing run, and there below us was the ship.

The R.A.A.F. blue of the pilots, Squadron-Leader Bill McPadden, D.F.M., of Gympie, Queensland, and Flight-Sergeant Tom Taylor, of Melbourne, must have been noticed as we swept past, because on the next circle the rails were lined with Australians.

This is the largest contingent of R.A.A.F. that has yet left England for Australia, and it is made up of men from every State.

For two to five years these men have been away from home. Many of them have flown in R.A.F. squadrons, and many of them have married English girls.

All of them have found kindness and hospitality in this country. All of them have made friends here. They have built a reputation in England that will not easily be forgotten.

As they cheered and waved their farewells we could not help wondering what their reception would be at home. England has sometimes seemed very far away from Australia.

Censorship has perhaps prevented the people at home from realising fully the hard, dangerous job these lads have been doing for so long, and the men themselves certainly won't talk about it.

When they get home, will you forget, for a moment, to be nonchalant about things? Tell them how proud you are of them, and how thankful to see them home again.

There are still 4000 R.A.A.F. here waiting for transport home, and waiting for news of home from their friends who were on this ship.

Our plane made one circuit of the ship, then with a final salute we headed back into the mist, and their last link with England was gone.

Ploughing into heavy seas, after-math of the gale which had lashed the coast of England for the past five days, the ship went on her way, out past the "Lizard," home to Australia.

For school... For play ... for all occasions



K125.—THE GHILLIE TIE. Obtainable in black patent or white buck in the following sizes: 7 to 10; 11 to 1; 2 to 5.

KF124.—THE T-BAR SANDAL. Obtainable in brown calf or white buck in the following sizes: 7 to 10; 11 to 1; 2 to 5.



produced by
A.L. ROSEBERY ADVERTISING

THERE are three things you look for all the time when buying children's shoes . . . sturdiness, comfort, and foot shapeliness.

Cinderella shoes are made to stand the rough and tumble and they're smart looking too . . . in attractive new styles for schoolwear—for parties and picnics.

Cinderella shoes for children are scientifically designed and made on American lasts to fit the child's feet for wear and comfort.

Cinderella shoes last longer . . . retain their shape and are styled for boys and girls for all occasions.

Obtainable from all leading stores.



K127.—THE SABOT BAR. Buckle shoe, obtainable in white buck or black patent in the following sizes: 7 to 10; 11 to 1; 2 to 5.

Cinderella Shoes for Children

Retail Trade Only.

CINDERELLA SHOES PTY. LTD.,

81 YORK STREET, SYDNEY

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A Few People

Continued from page 7

JULIE didn't act as if she were glad to see Si, though she certainly wasn't thinking about not getting the ten thousand. She wasn't selfish, and I believe she meant it when she said she wouldn't have kept it anyhow. She probably would have given it to the Red Cross. Anyway, she said good-night, and I could see she tried to smile.

The next two days went by without anything much happening. Si spent his time wandering round the house, picking things up and putting them down again, and mostly sitting in the green chair in the corner. Once he went down-town, and I saw him coming back, walking slowly and looking at all the houses, seeming to take in everything about them. He also spent a lot of time sitting on the back steps looking out toward the garage.

It was that day when he was down-town that I came upon Mum and Julie talking in the kitchen.

"But he can't stay here indefinitely," Julie was saying. "He won't, dear. Give him a chance to find himself. It's the least we can do," Mum said.

"It makes me uncomfortable having him here. It's as though I owed him something, and I know I don't," Julie went on.

"Come on, Julie," I said. "He's a good chap."

Julie looked up at me. Then she gathered up the dress she had been ironing and went out of the room.

The next evening I heard Si ask Julie to walk down-town with him. "Where do you want to go?" she said.

"I don't know," he said. "Just walk round. Walk round and look at things."

When they got back about ten, Si went to the kitchen for a drink of water, and Mum asked Julie what they had done. I could see Julie wasn't annoyed any more, though I wasn't sure she was exactly pleased either.

"Nothing," she said. "We looked in store windows. He's like a little boy."

I liked him better and better, though I still didn't know much about him. It was the third night, after we had gone to bed, that I asked him if he was going to be in town long.

He waited so long to answer that I wasn't sure he had heard me.

Then he answered. "I was really surprised at what he said, though I came to think of it, I don't suppose I should have been."

"I guess I'll be here till I persuade Julie to marry me."

"Marry you? But you've only seen her once before!" I said.

He lay perfectly still. "Listen," he said. "You're a good kid. I'll tell you a secret—between you and me, I've seen Julie every day for over a year. I've seen her at night when I couldn't sleep for the shells cracking, and sometimes when I couldn't sleep because it was so still. Your sister was there. I did begin to forget what she looked like and that worried me. It was as if she was trying to fade away from me. That's when I sent for her picture."

I was embarrassed by all this. Somehow it didn't seem to fit in with what little I knew about him. "You mean it was love at first sight?" I asked. I had just read "Romeo and Juliet" in high school, and wondered if things like that ever happened.

"No," he said. "It wasn't like that at all. I didn't give her a thought for months. It grew on me. Every chap in the Army had a picture of his girl. When they weren't talking about her, they were talking about mothers, and fathers, and sisters—even brothers, like you."

I stared into the darkness and walked for him to go on.

Then he began again. "I've been round a lot alone, but I never felt empty till I'd seen the Sahara. Empty—empty space still and hollow. Everything is miles away. And yet there were all those fellows dreaming of their girls and their mothers and houses like this—chairs they could remember and people across the table, and smells from the kitchen. I suddenly found out—"

He paused. "You may not believe this, kid."

Maybe he thought I was asleep. He had been talking so softly. Then he went on.

"I found out that nothing made a bit of difference to any of those chaps but people, a few people that they knew were thinking of them at night. It was worth fighting for those few people, and getting killed and risking things worse than getting killed. For just a few people. They all felt the same way. They liked each other because of that. They fought for each other because of that. If you ever start wondering what life's about—and you will—remember that that's what it's about—a few people."

I didn't like to say anything. My eyes were wide open, and thoughts were going through my mind, about Paul lying somewhere in France.

"You still awake?" Si said. "Sure," I said in a voice that didn't sound like mine. I thought I ought to say something. I said, "And that's—what's why you want to marry Julie?"

His voice was quieter than ever, and deep.

"She got to be all those people for me," he said.

"I hope she'll marry you."

"Thanks, kid," he said. "I'll be asking her some time."

That's about all there is to my part of the story. The next day he took a room in another part of town. It was three months before he did ask Julie to marry him, and I never knew anybody to work so hard in three months. He got a job, and started taking a correspondence course in business law, working on it in the evenings.

Julie hardly saw him more than an hour a day, but I rather thought Si didn't waste the hour.

Once when he came to dinner, Mum told him he was working himself into his grave.

Si just answered, "Into Heaven, Mrs. Porter."

Sometimes as I lie in bed at night and remember what Si said, I wonder what he would have been if he hadn't ever gone to the war. I suppose he would have just drifted round and been lonely without ever really knowing it. But now we're his few people, and I'm glad that Julie never got her ten thousand dollars.

(Copyright)

By guessing singers knowledge tested

A session of song, "World-famous Tenors," is broadcast from Station 2GB every Sunday at 9 p.m. to give listeners unable to attend concerts a chance to hear world-famous tenors.

The programmes vary from songs by the great composers, such as Brahms, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Strauss, and Hugo Wolf, to simple ballads.

As well as providing such varied music, the session is a form of quiz.

John Dease, who composes, also writes the script and selects the songs.

He does not announce the name of the singer until after the record has been played, and he awards points for each record, so that at the end of the session listeners can add up their point scores and assess their own musical knowledge.

This check can prove quite interesting, since many people confuse the voices of even well-known singers. Among the singers heard in this session are Taubert, who was in Australia some years ago and gave a series of recitals at the Town Hall, and Joseph Schmidt, who is reported to have died in a Nazi concentration camp.

Other singers heard in this session are Gligli, Schipa, Crooks, Bjorling, Thill, McCormack, O'Shea, Hishop, and Klepura.

In addition John Dease plans to have many recordings in the session which are not normally available to the public.

Listeners will be invited to submit records they have which are not released through the usual channels, and in this way much music of interest will be heard more widely.

John Dease before he plays each record gives the history of the song and also personal notes about the singer.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SESSION FROM 2GB

Every Day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 21: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, Nov. 22 (from 4.30 to 4.45): The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau Session.
FRIDAY, Nov. 23: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Gaudie Reeve in "Gem of the Medley."
SATURDAY, Nov. 24: "Among My Souvenirs."
SUNDAY, Nov. 25 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, Nov. 26: "Melody Moments."
TUESDAY, Nov. 27: Gaudie Reeve presents "Musical Quiz."

WORTH Reporting

FAMILY aeroplanes are already on sale in American department stores, says a cable message from our New York office.

The price includes a full course of flying lessons.

John Wanamaker's, in New York, are showing three models. One, a single-seater at 1000 dollars, a two-passenger plane for 2000 dollars, and a three-passenger for 3000 dollars. Marshall Field's Chicago store guarantees its two-seater plane as "spinproof."

MODERN ETIQUETTE DEPARTMENT. Two of our young ladies went to a big six o'clock party recently. Not knowing many of the guests, they settled themselves comfortably on a lounge. A waiter bustled up to them: "Would you ladies mind standing up, please," he said. "This is a cocktail party."

Animal Antics



"Jimmy! I think I've sprung a leak!"

AFTER the liberation of Hongkong Allied occupying forces commandeered motor-cars from Chinese who had helped the Japanese. To get a car, each order slip had to have a signature.

Most were signed "S. Claus," or "F. Christmas."

The house guest

AN amusing story is told by British officer, Captain Roger Marley, who has recently arrived in Sydney from Japan with R.A.P.W.I.

After the surrender in Japan, Australian and British P.O.W.s from various camps in and out of Osaka decided to move into the city's leading hotel.

Life proceeded comfortably for the ex-prisoners. The Japanese tradespeople, including the best-known local black-market dealers, offered their best wares.

Hardly any military discipline was observed until it was announced that a high-ranking Allied naval officer was to spend a night there en route.

The boys spruced up themselves and the hotel, but when the time wore on and no arrival they relaxed rather and decided to have a party.

The officer arrived in the middle of the festivities much to the embarrassment of all.

He must have enjoyed himself. He stayed a week.

Captain Marley, who was an assistant-director with a British film company, has had an eventful Army career which has taken him to the Middle East, Italy, Yugoslavia, Iraq, and finally to Japan.

PASTED on the mirror in a suburban doctor's waiting-room is this plaintive typed notice: "My partner, Dr. —, is in urgent need of a house in this suburb, and would be grateful if any patient can help."

On the mat

THE popular belief that Hitler, when the mood possessed him, indulged in a little carpet biting is explained by one authority as a "translation bull."

In Germany, he says, "teppichfresser" (literally carpet eater) is one who wears out the carpet by pacing back and forth.

In order to demonstrate that Hitler had ponderous problems which would require much carpet pacing to solve, German writers applied this term to him.

However, foreign journalists, our authority contends, having looked up the term in their dictionaries, went one better, and began to relate specific instances of the late Führer falling on his face in fits of rage and chewing the carpet inch by inch.

Special edition

SCHOOLBOYS at the Grammar School, Albury, N.S.W., have published a special edition of their magazine, "Vanguard," in commemoration of the return of the 8th Division men.

The issue consists of an editorial, list of names of the P.O.W.s who passed through Albury en route to southern States, a description of the infamous Changi Camp at Singapore, personal interviews, and the horror story of the building of the Thai-Lao railroad.

The enthusiastic "reporters" of the "Vanguard" staff met the Melbourne express at Albury Station and got their "copy" in the brief time the train remained at the station.

Ships other than those listed on Admiralty books in England have to pay cash for their goods. The money is passed over the back-stay in a tin can, and the receipt is returned in the same way.

When the Fort Wrangell leaves Sydney Harbor at the end of the month she will sail for her final rendezvous with units of the British Pacific Fleet.

Fort Wrangell is a virtual store-house ship, and has been attached to the fleet train to supply any vessel from a hospital ship to a motor fishing vessel with anything they might need, from a pair of pyjamas to a box of cornflakes.

The sort of message that is flashed across the radio-telephone to Fort Wrangell is: "One ton of potatoes, 56 pounds of carrots, and 40 tubes of toothpaste."

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MONSTROUS

The Loch Ness estate, 50,000 acres, has been auctioned in small lots.

THE Loch Ness monster announces he wants to retire and give up the game. "I'll be harder to hide when they subdivide."

"I might dim my illustrious name."

"Besides," he said grumpily, "the newspapers dumped me."

"For six years of headlines on strife."

"And I see no reason for next silly season."

"To oblige them, at my time of life."

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

Home again

THE Young district in N.S.W. turned out with flags and bands to welcome home Lieut.-Colonel Charles Anderson, who won the Victoria Cross in the Malayan Campaign.

On the official platform at the homecoming ceremony sat his wife, Bea, who for five years has run their 4000-acre sheep station.

During these years the worst drought and the worst bushfires the district has known threatened the property, and last summer the paddocks were burnt to the edge of the homestead.

Lieut.-Colonel Anderson met his wife-to-be in Kenya in 1930, when she was on a world tour. Her mother and sister travelled via the Cape, while Bea travelled via Suez Canal.

It was a case of love at first sight. Urgent telegrams passed between mother and daughter, and mother arrived to meet, and approve of, the man who had swept her daughter off her feet.

Three of their children, Gai, aged 13, and their twin sons Nicolas and Jeremy, aged 11, were born in East Africa. The youngest, Virginia, aged 6, was born in Young.

ATHENS Municipal Council has named a square in the Greek capital, "Australia Place," in appreciation of the help given to Greece by the Commonwealth.

Grocery ship

WHEN the Fort Wrangell leaves Sydney Harbor at the end of the month she will sail for her final rendezvous with units of the British Pacific Fleet.

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Fort Wrangell is a virtual store-house ship, and has been attached to the fleet train to supply any vessel from a hospital ship to a motor fishing vessel with anything they might need, from a pair of pyjamas to a box of cornflakes.

The sort of message that is flashed across the radio-telephone to Fort Wrangell is: "One ton of potatoes, 56 pounds of carrots, and 40 tubes of toothpaste."

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"For Pete's sake, Mother, hurry. Daddy's started putting the things away."



WARNER BROS. EMPLOYEE WITH GIRL

This is a scene from Warner Bros.' newest feature picture: **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, from the novel by Hemingway.

It shows famed screenstar Humphrey Bogart with a girl named Lauren Bacall.

We believe that, with the release of this enormously dramatic film, Lauren Bacall becomes one of the most exciting discoveries in the history of motion pictures.

(Much of the credit for Miss Bacall's sensational debut goes to Humphrey Bogart, whose readiness to help a newcomer over the rough spots has made him as popular with his colleagues as with the picture-going public.)

HUMPHREY BOGART *in Ernest Hemingway's* **"TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT"**



WALTER BRENNAN • LAUREN BACALL
DOLORES MORAN • HOAGY CARMICHAEL
A HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Jules Furthman & William Faulkner

NOT SUITABLE FOR GENERAL EXHIBITION



WARNER BROS.
JACK L. WARNER, EXECUTIVE PRODUCER



Producers of most of the films you enjoy best!

Other Current Warner Bros. Productions:

ROUGHLY SPEAKING • NOW VOYAGER • DESERT SONG • HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN

SUDDENLY

Marjorie burst out in fury: "That woman sore about anything she's done! That vile, treacherous, tenth-rate little ham actress!" The blow-up when it came surprised Grogan by its violence. "Ask her what she quarrelled with Miss Breen about."

"Quarrelled with her, did she?" "And why Miss Breen threatened to call in the police."

"Go on, now! What was that about?" "Ask her. She'll lie, of course. But Miss Krauss knows. She told me. Not that I was surprised. The Vienna vase was probably valuable. It wouldn't matter to that creature who owned it."

"When did this happen?"

"One morning last week. Miss Krauss was in the Scotts' bathroom washing the tiles. Miss Ashworth was lying down with a headache, and Miss Breen came in with some carnations for her. She went into the kitchen to get something to put them in, and—"

"Miss Breen did, eh?"

"Yes. And there she found the vase that she'd missed from her own flat. She came back to the bedroom foaming with rage."

"She accused Miss Ashworth of taking it, did she?" "Yes. Of course, the creature denied it, and said she'd never seen it before."

"Did she have any explanation of how it got there?"

"Oh, naturally. She had to say something. At first she said that Miss Krauss must have emptied flowers out of both flats and brought the wrong vase back to hers."

"Sounds a likely enough story, doesn't it?"

Marjorie gave a laugh. "Two spots of color burned in her pale brown cheeks."

"Very! Except that the vase had disappeared from Miss Breen's flat before Miss Krauss ever went to work there."

"Is that so? Could Miss Breen swear to that?"

"Absolutely. And so could Nora Russell. She called her in. Then Miss Ashworth lost her temper. She sprang off the bed and swore she'd never seen the vase before. She threw the carnations in Miss Breen's face and ordered her out of the flat. And Miss Breen threatened to send for the police if she didn't apologise."

Grogan thought it over. "She didn't send for them, though, did she? That was a week ago, so it didn't look as though she meant to." Marjorie wasn't stopped by this. Hate had given her logic.

"No," she said slowly, "but William Scott will be home in a few hours. Perhaps Miss Breen may have been going to tell him."

"You say Miss Russell knew all about this?"

"Certainly she did. I believe she was in on Miss Ashworth's screaming fit." Marjorie spoke with bitter contempt. "Oh, you should see her when she's really here!"

There'd be another homicide here soon, Grogan thought. One woman between two men, that was comedy. One man between two women, that was murder!

He went back into Miss Breen's flat and called Nora out of the small bedroom where she had gone with the futile idea of snatching a few hours' sleep before daylight.

"I understand, Miss Russell," he said, "there's a vase of Miss Breen's that she and Miss Ashworth had a dispute about."

A flush of embarrassment rushed up into Nora's face. That vase, that miserable vase that had caused the sordid quarrel into which she had been so unwillingly drawn!

"Could you get it and let me have a look at it?"

Unwillingly now, too, she went into Miss Breen's bedroom and brought it out. It was a collector's piece, about nine inches high, in white china with a posy of summer flowers and grasses and wheelbarrows in gold.

Grogan turned it round and round. "When did you first see this vase?"

"The day Miss Breen came here. I unpacked it and stood it on the rug box just inside the front door."

"And how soon after that was it missed?"

"Later that day, the same afternoon, when we came to straighten up and put things away."

"Was the front door open any of that time?"

Rendezvous With Death

Continued from page 3

Nora stammered uncomfortably: "I don't know... Yes, I think so—part of the time. It was very hot, I remember, and we left it open for a breeze. But you're not going to suggest—"

He said dryly: "Let's stick to facts, Miss Russell. Is this vase valuable?" "It may be. I couldn't say. Miss Breen was very upset when she missed it."

"OK." He wrapped a handkerchief round it and put it into his bag. Pinkelstein, the china expert, would know what it was worth.

On the following morning, a few minutes before the Melbourne express was due, Essie arrived at Central Station. A familiar figure in naval uniform was standing waiting as her taxi drew up at the entrance.

"Owen!" The door of the car slammed behind her and she faced him. "What are you doing here?"

"I thought it best to come here," he said. "No chance of a word alone with you now at the flats, and I wanted to see you before those infernal policemen started messing round with their questions again."

"Well, I don't want to see you. And I wish you wouldn't follow me, Owen." It was odd how hard Essie's lovely face could grow when she wasn't bent on her usual business of man-sharing. "It's not safe for people to see us conferring like this."

"Who's to see us?" "Everyone. I'm too well known."

"Don't be crazy, Essie. You don't think they're having us watched, do you?"

"I don't know. I don't know what they're doing. I don't want to be seen talking to you." She glanced nervously about her.

He planted himself in front of her when she tried to pass him. "You're going to speak to me."

"I'm not. Ring me at the theatre."

"Listen, Essie, won't you have the decency to say I was with you last night for that hour and a half?"

"No, I won't, Owen. I'm not going to say it."

"I never thought you'd be such flint."

"Didn't you? It doesn't matter to you what William would think."

"Never mind William! This is murder." His face burned red under his tan.

"Let me go. The train'll be in."

"You won't back me up, then?"

"No." Without a backward glance at him she hurried into the station. Click, click went her high heels over the stone pavement of the station floor. Glistening pale blonde hair, smooth pale rose skin, dark silk frock moulding the slender figure—every eye registered as she passed. She bought her platform ticket and hurried through the gate. She was worried, but didn't look it. Just in time! The express was drawing in.

Rushing forward eagerly as William stepped off the train, she greeted him. "Darling!"

He dropped his rug and suitcase and enveloped her in an embrace. "Hullo, Ess, darling. By gosh, it's nice to see you! How are you, my sweet?"

"I'm splendid." She hung on to his arm. "William was a good many years older than Essie. He was quite an insignificant man—except for his bank-roll."

"Wonderful to have you back," she whispered. "How was Melbourne?"

"Same as usual—cloudy and windy."

"You poor sweet!"

"Show still going well, beautiful?"

"Capacity last night. And I've had some gorgeous photographs taken."

"Pine!" In the car he embraced her again. "Ess, I've missed you so! You're not much of a letter writer, are you, darling?"

"Oh, pet!... There's always so much to do. And now the most terrible thing has happened."

His round face lost grew resigned. "What is it? You've lost your ermine cloak?"

"No, no."

"Well, tell me everything."

Essie drew a deep breath and began.

Shortly before ten o'clock Grogan and Manning were walking along Martin Place, their bulky figures edging easily through the city crowds. Grogan was running over the points of the killing of Miss Breen.

"There's a fair amount of lying going on, but that doesn't say you can pin anything on anybody."

Manning gave a sniff. "Toffs always lie the worst. Think they can get away with anything. Huh! It's the system!"

Grogan said tolerantly: "Well, take the lid off any block of flats and a fair amount of scuttling to and fro'll show up. Trouble is, when an old girl like this gets bumped off you've got to rule out a lot... love, jealousy. She wasn't even rich, just comfortable."

"That's right. It's going to be tough going to establish a motive. How about alibis?"

"Don't give much for 'em, one way or another. You can't say whether Curtis spent that time with Ashworth or not. But even if he didn't, what tie-up could there be between him and the old woman?"

"That's right. More of a tie-up between her and Ashworth. What about Yates and Henderson?"

"Well, what about them? Nice boys, you'd say, but one of 'em had been milking the old girl. But motive for murder? Where is it? You don't kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Well, maybe we'll know more about that in a minute."

They turned in at the doorway of a bank, and were shown into the manager's office.

"Morning, Inspector. Morning, Sergeant. What's the trouble this morning?" Bank managers look worried when a detective appears. Money can tear as big a hole in the works as dynamite.

"It's about a couple of cheques drawn by Miss Gwendolyn Breen, of Beresford Court." Grogan pulled the cheque-book out of his pocket.

"Oh, what's wrong? Anything wrong?"

"Don't know yet. Somebody murdered her last night."

"The manager leant back in his chair. "Dear me, dear me! I didn't see anything about it."

"You will. The midday papers'll have it."

"Dear me... But the tone was calmer. Murder, after all, wasn't as reprehensible as a crime against the banking system."

Grogan said: "I'd like to talk to the teller who paid these cheques."

"Certainly. Miss Gwendolyn Breen. What dates are they? September 17 and 28? Right."

What's on your mind?

Tipping not necessary in Australia

TIPPING is anti-Australian, and should be completely eradicated from this vigorous young country of ours.

In Australia people are paid adequately for their labor, and the long-suffering public should not have to produce additional money or gifts before they receive attention.

Recently I heard from a friend that she expended £10 on tips when giving quite a small dinner-party to an ex-prisoner.

It is now practically impossible to travel by train, plane, or sea in any degree of comfort without tipping officials.

There has always been a certain amount of tipping in this country, but it has increased out of all proportion since the visit of our opulent Allied servicemen.

£1 to W. Burd, 134 Dendy St., West Brighton, Vic.

READERS are invited to write in this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's on Your Mind," c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 8. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published whose pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Art subjects criticised

MANY subjects chosen by prominent artists for exhibition paintings puzzle me.

No touch of genius can transform ugly backyard scenes, decrepit out-buildings, and slum areas into things of beauty. Beauty is still the quality sought by the ordinary spectator. These subjects in painting fail to do anything but repel, as they do in reality. The majority judge pictures on their own standards of what they yearn to own, not merely on trying to figure out the artist's viewpoint.

5/- to Mrs. L. Howarth, 445 Bronte Rd., Bronte, N.S.W.

Exploit to children

WHY do rude but smartly pertinent remarks of a child of three years or younger receive smiles of amusement and beams of approbation from adoring parents when at six years and older these same remarks and antics bring a torrent of reprimands and punishment?

Parents should correct children's faults from the earliest age. How is a child to know that the wit which amuses at three is regarded as precocious impertinence a few years later?

5/- to Mrs. M. Hagan, 59 French Ave., Bankstown, N.S.W.

Adopting war orphans

A U.S. Army soldier has asked permission to adopt an orphan baby girl in Germany.

If arrangements could be made for child lovers in Australia and America to adopt some of the German and Italian war orphans, we would be helping innocent victims and encouraging the spread of goodwill between nations.

This would be a successful way of eradicating the result of Nazism and Fascism.

5/- to M. George, Botanic Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

Wuff, Smuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



THE cheques were brought and the manager spread them out on his blotter. "Here we are now. Made out to cash. September 17, fifty pounds. September 28, fifty pounds."

"Eh?" Grogan looked up from the cheque book. "Five," he said. "Fifty pounds," the manager repeated clearly.

The inspector moved over to the desk and put the stamp beside the cheque. Together they leant over them. Grogan was the first to look up.

"That oughtn't to be added later," he said, "and the written amount altered."

The manager fidgeted, peering.

"It's initialled," he said. "Miss Breen may have altered it herself, may have decided to draw the cheque for the larger amount and forgotten to alter the stamp. It's not unusual with our women clients," he said wearily. "We're used to that sort of thing."

Grogan shook his head slowly. "Not this time, I think we'll find. The C.I.B. expert'll know."

The bank manager exploded. "Why in heaven's name!... Why some women can't ever learn to write a cheque correctly? Leaving the figures wide open for any scoundrel to take advantage of! Who had this money? Who cashed it?"

"That's what I'd like to know."

The manager rapped the bell.

But the teller soon looked worried, too.

No, he couldn't recall who'd cashed these cheques. Couldn't possibly identify anyone. Especially if a crowd came in just before they closed. You were so busy you really couldn't notice everyone. A soldier? Well, really, sir!

Out in the street again with the cheque in his pocket, Grogan went on with the argument where they had left off. "But if she wasn't going to lay any more golden eggs, if maybe she was just going to have her passbook made up and discover that she'd had forty-five more than she meant to—well, the Disgraceful might have found himself facing a charge of forgery."

"Too true, he might," Manning agreed.

It was about eleven o'clock when Grogan got back to Beresford Court. He rang the lift bell, but nothing happened. There was no answering click nor hum of the cage descending. Gazing upward, he leant on the bell.

Pike came out of the office behind him. "Sorry, Inspector, the lift's out of order."

"Out of order? Do you mean I've got to walk up nine floors?"

The caretaker's wet eyes slid upwards.

"Fraid so. Sorry. Always seems to happen when you need it most. Been up those stairs myself four times this morning. I've sent for the men to fix it. They said they'd be along. But you know how it is. It takes a time to get anything done."

"OK." Grogan turned to the stairs. He knew Pike's sort. He could always slide out of any slackness or inefficiency. He started to climb.

Almost at once he became aware that somebody was walking ahead of him. The sound of footsteps came down. Someone who had started the climb just before he had entered the building and had got about three flights up while he was talking to Pike. Footsteps... a man's or a woman's? He couldn't say. They were light and quick...

Suddenly another sound came down to him, a sound that pulled him up short for a moment and then sent him speeding up the stairs two at a time. If they didn't stop at the sixth floor...? At the seventh...? At the eighth...? Then they were going on to the ninth, and he had to find out who it was because of what he had just heard.

Grogan was a big man, but he bounded up those stairs in pursuit as lightly as a cat; as though his life depended on seeing who was ahead of him. Well, maybe the case in hand did depend on it, and that for the moment was life to Grogan.

As he turned into the last short flight a key grated in a lock above, and as he gained the top he caught a moment's glimpse of his quarry before the shutting of the door.

He stood thoughtfully at the top of the stairs for a while...

To be continued

Film Reviews

★★★ WITHOUT LOVE

A FANTASTIC but vastly entertaining MGM film version of Philip Barry's comedy provides a field day for Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy, with the addition of a superb performance by comedian Keenan Wynn, as a mild-mannered drunk.

When scientist Pat Jamieson (Tracy) meets widow Jamie Rowan (Katharine Hepburn), they both are victims of broken hearts, and determined to eliminate love from their lives. A platonic marriage has the inevitable ending, but not before both have been stirred into jealousy and found their marriage more complicated than they had intended it to be. Miss Hepburn is in her element as Jamie, and Tracy is amusingly stoic as Pat. They receive good support from glamorous Lucille Ball as a man chaser, with her eye on Tracy, and Carl Emond as the "wolf" who hunts Miss Hepburn.—St. James; showing.

★★ BRING ON THE GIRLS

FEATHERWEIGHT in plot, this Paramount technicolor musical is heavyweight in cast names. Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, Marjorie Reynolds, and a highly promising young dancer, Johnny Coy, head the list.

The ingenious, attractive Mr. Bracken has the role of a young millionaire, who joins the Navy as an ordinary seaman to escape from the clutching hands of fortune-seeking young women. He then becomes involved with glamorous cigarette-seller Veronica

Lake, but finally ends up with Marjorie Reynolds, whose wealth is equal to his own, and whose chocolate-box beauty saves her from the necessity of acting.

Among all this confusion there are the usual songs and massive stage scenes decorated with dozens of girls. Eddie Bracken keeps a firm hand on his role, and Sonny Tufts as his Navy pal is likeable. Audiences will want to see Johnny Coy again, and maybe Veronica Lake in technicolor will appeal to many.—State; showing.

★ THE HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT

FLYING off into the realms of fantasy, Warner's star Jack Benny, in a comedy which isn't very funny, at times shows very poor taste. Hollywood's current liking for films depicting spirits revisiting the earth probably is responsible for this film, but sympathy is due to Jack Benny for the lead he has been given to carry, in an attempt to put a weak story across.

Benny is a trumpet player who dreams he has been sent from heaven to destroy the earth by blowing on his horn at midnight.

Audiences can take it from there, including a slapstick scene at the edge of a sky-scraper.

Benny does his best with his tire-some role, and for feminine attractions there are Alexis Smith and Dolores Moran. Reginald Gardiner, Allyn Joslyn, and John Alexander also are present, and benign Guy Kibbee is the Big Chief of Heaven. Settings are lavish—Empire; showing.



NEWLY MARRIED June Allyson and Dick Powell smile happily at each other while June adjusts Dick's tie.

★ FOREVER YOURS

THE old story of the young doctor whose modern ideas save the life of the beautiful heroine is the theme of this BEF release.

This time, comparative newcomer Gale Storm is the society girl who contracts infantile paralysis, and against all opposition allows Army doctor John Mack Brown to operate on her, using a new method of muscle re-innervation.

Cost includes Sir Aubrey Smith as Gale's dyspeptic grandfather, Conrad Nagel as her father, and Johnny Downs as her unsuccessful admirer.

The film doesn't amount to much, though performances are adequate.—Cameo and Lyric; showing.

Hollywood luncheon for Australians

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

AN Ambassador Hotel here last week when Sister Kenny met former Prime Minister Stanley Bruce and Mrs. Bruce at a luncheon hosted by actress Rosalind Russell.

In deference to the distinguished Australian guests, mutton and caper sauce was the menu's feature, which greatly mystified a Latin-American girl correspondent who had not seen capers before.

Sister Kenny said she was very pleased with the screen play of her life with Rosalind Russell playing the part. Rosalind has also put up funds for a documentary film showing the Kenny treatment for infantile paralysis, which Sister Kenny proposes to exhibit throughout the world.

Mr. Bruce got his first glimpse of Hollywood stars when Rosalind, looking extremely smart in an all-black outfit with black roller-brim beret, introduced Alexander Knox and Dean Jagger, who are working with her on the Kenny film.

After the luncheon I took Mr. and Mrs. Bruce on a visit to the studio, where they met and chatted with Al Jolson, Janet Blair, and Marc Platt, at Columbia. Mrs. Bruce looked stunning in a black ensemble with a black hat trimmed with a curving pink osprey.

PENNY SINGLETON modelled a new dress which she is wearing for a Thanksgiving dinner-party. It combines tobacco-brown and jet-black, which is the latest color scheme for autumn clothes. The bodice is of stiff black tulle, and the skirt is brown taffeta splashed with large jet beads.

PHIL TERRY says he never watches his wife, Joan Crawford, working before the camera. "We made a pact never to watch each other work, thus avoiding being critical or jealous. I sit in Joan's dressing-room until her scenes are over, and if she is visiting me, she does likewise. When our films are previewed, however, we enjoy seeing them together."

I MET Una Merkel's father last week, and he is very glad about Una's recovery from the nervous collapse which necessitated her going to hospital for a few months. Mr. Merkel said that Una is greatly cheered by many letters from British fans who have not yet forgotten her gay comedy in past films.

PLUMMER

approached the painter. "Why don't you go, too," he asked. Rand shook his head.

"At least, you'd have a chance in the jungle,"

"I'll stay here," Rand said. Bradley had disappeared into one of the smaller huts. Presently he emerged carrying an ancient shotgun and a bandolier of shells. "Now we're a regular armored division," he announced.

A thin, tight smile played for a moment on Plummer's lips. But when he turned to Rand his face was grave. "We got you into this," he said. "I'm sorry."

"Never mind the speech. That's one of the things I came out here to get away from." Rand took a deep puff on his cigar and blew the smoke out slowly. "And now, if you gentlemen will excuse me, this is the time of day I usually devote to work."

He nodded casually and walked with leisurely steps toward the large hut. At the doorway he stopped, turned, and stood looking at the two men with bright, hard eyes. Then he laughed and went inside.

For a moment Plummer and Bradley stared after him. Then they walked over and took up a position at a corner of the large hut.

"See anything?" Plummer whispered.

Bradley nodded slowly. In the trees beyond the clearing a Japanese infantryman with bayoneted rifle stepped out into the open. Others followed, until there were about a dozen in all.

Bradley raised the shotgun to his shoulder. "Shall I let them have it?" he asked.

Plummer nodded. "It might make them cautious. Once they close in we're finished."

There was a shattering report and a puff of grayish smoke. One Jap staggered and went down on one knee. Before Bradley could reload they had all disappeared among the trees.

Presently Plummer realised that he was no longer gazing out across the clearing at the towering jungle, but into the interior of the hut. There was a small break in the walled wall at about the level of his eyes, and through it he could see the litter of paraphernalia on the floor and the brilliant sweep of canvas that encircled the room. He saw Rand, too.

Rand was standing at the door of the hut, looking at the still facade of the jungle. Presently he turned back into the room and stared about him. Directly before him was a jumble of pots and kegs. He stooped and pulled out the bung of one of the kegs. Then he took a deep draught on his black cigar and

Island of the Sun

Continued from page 15

blew the smoke out slowly and thoughtfully. Then he dropped the cigar into the keg.

A jet of flame leaped upward; then a second and a third. Flame spread like an unrolling orange carpet across the floor. It crackled among the canvases, lapped up the walls, spouted like a geyser to the thick, dry thatch of the roof.

"Very combustible, lacquer," said a quiet voice at Plummer's shoulder. Plummer turned and stared at Rand. He had neither seen him approach the hut nor heard him approach. The painter's appearance was that of a scrawny and dishevelled jinni, materialised out of the flames.

"Especially the finer grade Chinese lacquer," he added calmly. "I use only the best, of course."

A bright wedge of flame cut through the walled wall and an oven-hot blast of air enveloped them. They made their way quickly through the trees in the direction of the promontory, stopped, and turned. The wall was already a quivering sheet of fire, and now, as they watched it, it buckled slowly outward and fell in smouldering ruin against the adjacent hut. Fresh flames gushed upward. Simultaneously the blaze in the thatched roof leaped into the overhanging palms and banyans. In an instant it was racing among the branches.

There was the sound of high-pitched shouting from beyond the burning hut. Peering through the undergrowth, Plummer saw that the Japs had come out again into the clearing. For a moment they huddled in consultation. Then they dispersed to right and left.

"They're going to try it from both sides," Bradley said.

The conflagration had spread now—spanning almost the entire width of the narrow neck of land. Suddenly there was a muffled explosion, and the shed where Rand kept his store of petrol dissolved into a pillar of flame.

"Watch it on the right!" Plummer yelled.

Near the farther shore line, where the fire was only beginning to take hold, a Jap had appeared, beating his way through the smouldering foliage. Bradley fired again. The Jap went down. A moment later the thick bushes that ranged down from the huts to the water's edge burst into flame.

No other Japs appeared. A faint shout came from behind them, scarcely audible above the roaring of the flames. Turning, they saw Wilson and O'Hare gesticulating violently.

Bradley and Plummer raced between the trees on the promontory and scrambled down the rocks into the boat.

"Rand!" Plummer shouted.

There was no answer.

"Rand!"

Swearing under his breath, Plummer sprang from the boat again. At the same moment the painter appeared on the rocks above. He was walking slowly, with his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his dirty white ducks, and a fresh black cheroot jutted from his heavy lips.

"Come on!" Plummer shouted.

Rand looked down at him without answering.

"We're waiting for you."

"I'm not coming."

"You're not—?"

Rand's lips curved in about what might have been a smile. "And where would you suggest I went?" he asked.

"Home—eventually."

"You seem to forget, my friend. This is my home."

Plummer's thin young face was taut. He took a quick step forward up the rocks. "Rand," he pleaded, "you can't throw your life away like this."

Rand's eyes were bright and hard. "Don't be a fool, Plummer," he said quietly.

Plummer took another step upward, hesitated, and stopped. For an instant he stared at the flames across the promontory; then turned to the three men in the boat. Suddenly he wheeled, descended the rocks, and clambered in beside them. Wilson and O'Hare began to shove off.

Rand still stood motionless on top of the rocks. Presently he took the cheroot from his mouth and spat meditatively. "If any of you ever get to London," he called down, "there's something you can do for me."

"The four men gazed up at him."

"Anything!" Plummer shouted.

"Call up the Royal Academy and tell them to go to the devil!"

The little craft moved forward into the blue waters. After a while Plummer took out his binoculars, adjusted them and sat staring back at the island. The figure was gone, and he could see only a strip of white beach and the soft palms and the bright glow of flames behind them. Then those, too, were gone, and there was only a dark plume of smoke rising slowly toward the golden sun.

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Movie World

• **JAMES BROWN.** When a film script once called for a "lanky, shuck-haired Texan," the role went to Jim Brown, from Waco, Texas, who was in Hollywood just starting a film career. Twenty-four, happily married to former model Verna

Knopf, he has two small children. Formerly a champion tennis player, he went to Hollywood to take up singing, but a Paramount talent scout saw him, and he began film work. His newest film is "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay."

Make sure of a regular Amami Shampoo



A regular Amami Shampoo will keep your hair healthy and attractive, your scalp scrupulously clean. Whatever you do—remember your Amami Shampoo. Price 11½d. (including rinse).



Man from Morocco...



1 INTERNATIONAL Brigade Volunteers in Spain, led by Karel Langer (Anton Walbrook), decide to seek adventure in France.



4 MANUELA also begs Captain Ricardi (Reginald Tate) to use his influence to free Karel.



5 FINALLY Karel escapes and sets out to find Manuela, whom he believes to have fallen in love with Ricardi. He finds her, but not convinced with her explanation they quarrel, and Karel leaves to find further adventures



2 TAKING REFUGE in a castle owned by Manuela (Margaretta Scott), Karel promises to return when his mission is over.



3 CAPTURED in France, Karel is sent to Sahara as prisoner, but kindly doctor (David Horne) helps him plan to escape.

Viennese actor in adventure story

STAR of BEF's romantic adventure story of days just prior to World War II is Viennese actor Anton Walbrook. He has been a popular stage and screen star in England for nearly ten years.

His father was a famous clown in Old Vienna, but Anton became an actor, and played in many European countries before he settled in England.

Mischa Spoliansky, famous Continental composer, was specially engaged to create an original musical background for "The Man from Morocco."



The violin has a magic of its own when played by the master exponents of the concert platform. Soon, we hope, records will once more bring to the people at large the opportunity to hear the exquisite performances of these artists as often as fancy dictates.

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6 AFTER some months Karel learns the truth about how Manuela had tried to save him, and they are reunited at the castle.

"This woman deserves a Medal from the Rationing Commission" says Aunt Jenny



MRS. HODGE'S
PILLOWSLIPS ARE
JUST LIKE NEW!
YET SHE'S WASHED
THEM 175 TIMES
IN 7 YEARS WITH
VELVET SOAP



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TO SPARE!

Read Mrs. R. HODGE'S letter
...SEE HOW TO SAVE COUPONS

"Some people might say I am lucky because I've had to replace so few linens," writes Mrs. Hodge in an actual letter on our files. "Well, it certainly was a lucky stroke when I started using Velvet's extra soapy suds years ago. Velvet has kept all our linens lovely because I've never had to scrub them hard. I've used pillowslips week after week for seven years and they're still like new."



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gives you confidence
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The Deodorant Cream
You can trust!



F4046—

Shirt frock.
32 to 38in. bust. Re-
quires 3½yds. 36in.
wide. Pattern, 1/7.

Rene chose these Fashion patterns

This suit I chose because even with proud broad shoulders it is still soft and dressmaker, easy to adjust to any figure with that gathered nipper in waist line held with bows and giving a peplum effect. Skirt fullness concentrated at front.

I chose this because it is the newest type of cotton rayon shirt dress, tailored to a turn, with low U neck line, cap sleeves, unpressed pleats, and buttoning right down the front. Easy to make, easy to wash and iron.

F4050—

Dressmaker
suit. 32 to 38-
in. bust. Re-
quires 4½yds.
36in. wide.
Pattern, 1/10.

F4047—

Sun-
top frock,
jacket. 32 to
38in. bust.
Requires 4½
yds. check, 1
yd. contrast.
Pattern, 1/7.

F4049—

Afternoon frock.
32 to 38in. bust. Requires
4½yds. 36in. wide. Pat-
tern, 1/7.

I chose this design for a soft afternoon dress because its drapery is cunning yet easy to make, because its short low slung sleeves and wide low peasant neckline are cool and very flattering and the skirt drape is new.

I chose this evening dress because this pattern would be so simple to make and be such a versatile one. It is suggested here in cotton or taffeta plaid. Would be just as lovely in floral or in a plain material with flowers placed where I have suggested a bow.

F4048—

Evening frock.
32 to 38in. bust. Requires
7yds. 36in. wide. Pat-
tern, 1/7.

I chose this because it's a summer must. It is the perfect Suntop frock. Crisped with white accents, has a fly front closing to do away with pleckets and worn with its matching jacket it goes smoothly to town on hot days.

I didn't marry to scrub clothes!

I KNOW JUST HOW YOU FEEL. SCRUBBING WITH OLD-FASHIONED BAR SOAPS TILL YOUR BACK IS ALMOST BROKEN. I USED TO, TOO...

NOW I USE RINSO! I TAKE IT EASY ON WASHDAY WHILE RINSO'S RICHER, THICKER SUDS FLOAT OUT THE DIRT BY THEMSELVES

JUST AS SHE SAID! MY WHITES ARE DAZZLING WHITE...THE COLOURS ARE BRIGHT AND FRESH... YET I DIDN'T DO ANY HARD SCRUBBING

Rinso
THE BETTER THE SUDS, THE BRIGHTER YOUR WASH. AND RINSO GIVES THE RICHEST, THICKEST SUDS OF ALL! SAVE YOUR CLOTHES. SAVE TIME—WITH RINSO

EASIEST DYE TO APPLY

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Box 408F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
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Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
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(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

"ANNORA"

Tailored shorts and blouse

You'll get days of endless wear from this fresh little style. Material for the shorts is a well-wearing Celine in shades of sky-blue, or honey-lemon, or apple-green. Dress shows a high-fitting front waist, buttoned at each side centre stitched seam, and plain, well-fitting back. Two shoulder-cape add comfort and finish to the outfit. The blouse is fashioned in a white rayon de-se-de-chine. It has a tailored turn-back collar, wide, extended shoulders, and long, full sleeves fitting into wristband. Short sleeves are available if desired.

Ready To Wear: Shorts Only—Size 36, 38in. hips, 26 and 28in. waist, 9/11 (5 coupons); 40, 42, and 44in. hips, 36, 38, and 40in. waist, 10/11 (5 coupons). Postage 10/4d. extra.

Blouse With Long Sleeves—Size 32 and 34in. bust, 22/6 (7 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 25/3 (7 coupons). Postage 10/4d. extra.

Blouse With Short Sleeves—Size 32 and 34in. bust, 18/6 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 19/9 (6 coupons). Postage 10/4d. extra.

Cut Out Only: Shorts—36 and 38in. hips, 8/2 (5 coupons); 40, 42, and 44in. hips, 8/11 (5 coupons). Postage 10/4d. extra.

Blouse With Long Sleeves—Size 32 and 34in. bust, 15/3 (7 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 16/11 (7 coupons). Postage 10/4d. extra.

Blouse With Short Sleeves—Size 32 and 34in. bust, 10/2 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 12/6 (6 coupons). Postage 10/4d. extra.

"HESTER"

An all-day summer floral

This delightful little frock has been fashioned in a heavyweight rayon crepe-de-chine with an all-over white flower motif and conventional design on backgrounds of pale rose-pink, pale sky-blue, pastel-lemon, eau-de-nil green, light sage-blue, and huntman-red.

Design has a front lapel neckline and is collarless at back, wide extended shoulders with brief, straight sleeves, and bodice fastening at centre-front with self-covered buttons. Skirt is cased, and a narrow self-material tie finishes waistline. Special interest is given by the trilled collar edge and matching double-trilled peplum on each hip.

Ready To Wear: Size 32 and 34in. bust, 9/11 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 74/6 (12 coupons). Postage 1/9d. extra.

Cut Out Only: Size 32 and 34in. bust, 45/11 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 52/9 (12 coupons). Postage 1/9d. extra.

Full instructions given.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 651.
SAILOR FROCK FOR JUNIOR MISS

The design for this cute frock is traced clearly on a really lovely cambric de-light, which has a fine poplin finish and will wear and wash beautifully, and is ready to cut out and stitch together with full instructions given.

Shades are pastel lemon, pale green, sweet-pink, and sky-blue.

Frock is designed on Princess lines, and has a high-fitting Peter Pan collar, short sleeves, and a high-cut skirt which flares at bottom. Gay embroidery of rope and anchors trims collar, bodice, and sleeve edge.

Size 10 to 2 years, 9/6 (4 coupons); 2 to 4 years, 8/11 (4 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 10/6 (5 coupons). Postage 4/4d. extra.

No. 652—A TEA-TOWEL FOR EACH MEAL. These dainty tea-towels are traced ready to work on a good quality British tea-towelling with contrast-colored bands of red, blue, and green on white. Towels feature a cup and saucer design with floral motifs and "breakfast," "lunch," and "dinner" to be worked in vivid shades. The edges are cut to allow for hem or buttonholing.

Price, 3/3 each (2 coupons), postage 23d. extra; or 9/- set of three (6 coupons), postage 83d. extra.

Note: State second choice of colored band when ordering.



Fly Menace

By MEDICO

IT is now a recognised fact that the common or kitchen variety of house-fly is one of the most virulent disease carriers in the insect world.

Dysentery, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, and infantile paralysis are just a few of the diseases spread from one person to another by fly-poisoned food.

As flies breed and feed in filth, the very presence of them indicates that somewhere in your district there is a good breeding ground. It should be the responsibility of every householder and every housewife to see that his or her property is above suspicion in that respect.

Here are a few suggestions to help protect your family during the fly season:

(1) Garbage containers should always be tightly covered.

(2) In rural areas farmers can control fly breeding by sprinkling manure heaps with chloride of lime. Summer cottage owners should see that outside lavatories are fly-proof and constantly disinfected.

(3) All windows and doors should be equipped with well-fitted screens.

(4) Avoid restaurants where food is exposed to flies. If such places were boycotted, the proprietors would take greater pains to protect customers from fly-poisoned food.

(5) Babies, put out to sleep in summer, should have their faces protected by netting, draped over the carriage.

(6) Dish-towels hung outside to dry after using will attract flies. This is one of the easiest ways of introducing fly-poisoning into households.

(7) Wash all raw fruit and vegetables before eating. The chances are, if they've been on view in front of stores, they've become thoroughly fly-specked.

HANSEN'S JUNKET
was first

And it's STILL FIRST

Hansen's discovery of the marvels of rennet in 1975 led to the production of Junket: acclaimed through the years as the ideal milk dish, acceptable to all palates and all ages, and providing milk in its most easily assimilated form. Stronger in rennet, one British Hansen Tablet makes TWO pints of quick-setting, delicious junket your family will hail as the perfect dessert. Order HANSEN'S **Junket TABLETS**

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Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? Eucrazy has been the means of changing misery to happiness in homes for the past 50 years. Harmless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. State which required. Packed in plain wrapper.

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Containing D.D.T.
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Hemorrhoid Sufferers

Can You Answer These Questions?

Do you know the cause of hemorrhoids (piles) is internal?

That there is a stagnation of blood in the lower bowel?

Do you know that there is a harmless internal treatment discovered by Dr. Vachard and known as Vaculoid, now sold by chemists everywhere under guarantee?

Vaculoid relieves hemorrhoids (piles) by treating the cause, by freeing blood circulation in the lower bowel. This simple home treatment has an almost unbelievable record for sure, safe and lasting relief of thousands of pile-sufferers, and saves the needless pain and expense of an operation. Don't delay. Try Vaculoid to-day—chemists everywhere sell it with a money-back guarantee.

VACULOID



**EVAN
WILLIAMS**
SHAMPOO

*Keeps the hair
Young.*



ONE OF A ROW. Homes and gardens in miniature attracted thousands of admirers at recent Chelsea Flower Show, sponsored by the Sydney branch of the Red Cross. Schoolchildren showed amazing ingenuity. Garden plans were drawn to scale, archways with creepers growing over them were erected over paths; rockeries, dog kennels, ponds, doll-size rustic furniture, miniature plants and flowers were used with realistic effect. The garden pictured above was planned by Mrs. Gladys Lister, of Vaucluse, N.S.W., whose hobby is gardening and flower arrangement.

WONDERLAND of the WEST

● If anyone were to ask me to direct them to Wonderland I should simply point west.

Says OUR HOME GARDENER

I SPENT ten days in Western Australia during the spring flush of glorious wildflowers, and saw only a small proportion of the 5800 species common to that State.

I flew north to Geraldton, Northampton, and other centres, and stood knee deep in everlasting daisies, and knew that the rest of the country for a hundred miles round was equally picturesque with its vast patches of pink, yellow, and white immortelles, as some call them.

And the sand plains also carried the peculiar-looking Lambs' Tails or Blanket Plants, also provided, as most Western Australian wildflowers are, with soft, woolly leaves and hairy coverings which nature undoubtedly bestowed upon them to protect them from the intense heat.

But it was the Verticordias or Feather-Flowers that I particularly wanted to see. Western Australia has 48 species of this lovely shrub. I saw very few in flower.

But I saw a few fine Scarlet Feather-Flowers in bloom, which contrasted strangely with the Grey Smoke Bushes nearby. I was told that this family included flowers that were pink, yellow, white, and orange. The Morrison Feather-Flower, which is orange, is one of the finest of all.

And the Geraldton Wax-Flower was everywhere. Pink, white, red, sometimes all three colors on the one bush.

The lovely little Coppercups were in full flower at Mogumber—and pink Myrtles painted the landscape for miles. This little shrub, with its peach-blossom flowers, borne in spikes, is to-day one of the best sellers in the florists' shops during spring.

Western Australia also has many



QUAINT AND LOVELY. Donkey orchids of W.A., so called because the double petals at the top resemble the ears of that animal.

strange bottle-brushes, these belonging to the Beaufortia, Calothamnus, and Callistemon families. The Grevilleas, too, are particularly beautiful, some being of great size and varying from pure white to cream, through yellow, gold, and crimson.

The weird Kangaroo Paws and their cousins the Catpaws and Red Bugles are probably the best-known flowers of the western State. They were in full flower and most beautiful. The paws appear to favor moist to boggy soil.

While the Red-stemmed Green Kangaroo Paws are probably the largest and most popular, the odd-looking green and black varieties are also remarkable. Catpaws are yellow and red to orange-purple. Like the Red Bugles, which I did not see in bloom, the flowers are very hairy.

Ground orchids, notably the enamelled varieties, and the lovely little white and red spider, primrose, and donkey orchids were seen in profusion over a very wide range of country.

One of the loveliest of all flowers seen in the West, the Leschenaultia, was at its best during my visit. This has blue flowers ranging from pale azure through cerulean to deepest ultramarine. A vast stretch of country seen at Northam was entirely covered with this lovely flower.

I saw thousands more, including the native honeysuckles, dryandras, mulla mullas, native bluebells, lovely hoveas, brown, pink, red, and other boronias, and was astounded at the variety, brilliancy of hue, and wide range of color. Some day I hope to go back and make a longer tour of inspection of this floral wonderland.



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Xmas Joys

WITH
Cyclops
Toys

Limited Supplies of some
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GRACE BROS

Luxurious
LEISURE
GOWN!



HE! W.W.

Relax in this Leisure Gown of brightly printed Floral Cotton. Well made, with becoming never neckline, this charming Gown has a wide, gracefully flaring skirt, cool short sleeves, and useful pockets. Sizes: SW, and W. Price:

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Eating in the GARDEN

● Fresh air brightens the spirit, sharpens the appetite, peeps up digestion . . . extend family living space out of doors. Breakfast on the verandah, lunch in the shady side of the garden, dine outside at the most pleasant hour of a summer's day.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

PLAN the garden, even if it is tiny, as living space. Turn your backyard into a gay little courtyard with bushes in red tubs, flowers in green boxes, lattice on the fence.

Plan garden furniture for everyday living—comfortable, solid, but portable, chairs and tables correctly sized for meals.

Have a good big tray, complete with a light, secure folding stand, the old Victorian type, the whole thing a convenient height for side service.

Or use a smooth-running traymobile that can easily navigate garden paths and lawns.

Choose your tableware to suit this design of living. Large casseroles with lids hold the heat well; or buy individual casseroles with lids when they come again on the market.

Cups for outdoor service should be deep and fairly heavy; serve soup in bowls, lading from a deep tureen.

Have salad platters large enough to hold all sections of the salad course and salad accessories.

Minimise table appointments, but carefully preserve table niceties. Try gay cotton overall cloths for breakfast, linen for lunch, mats of coarsely woven lace, or quilted chintz, or raffia for dinner.

Plane the table top to shining smoothness, and oil the top, preserving its natural weather-mellowed color.

Remember a padded woollen cosy is necessary, even in midsummer, for the teapot or coffee-jug.

Make table napkins to match table linen of nearly tea-towel size to fold round casseroles, vegetables, hot rolls, or pies.

Menus planned for fork or finger service are frequently indicated, especially for breakfast and luncheon.

Each meal is a family social occasion. You will enjoy preparing and serving these garden menus.

BREAKFAST

Iced Orange Juice
Casserole of Lamb's Brains and Bacon
Melba Toast
Coffee

Fresh Fruit Bowl
Casserole of Spinach and Eggs
Melba Toast
Raisin Scones and Honey
Iced Tea with Lemon

LUNCHEON

Club Sandwiches with Salad Snippets
Iced Rhubarb with Orange Bran Cookies
Milk or Fruit Drink.

Fish and Celery Mayonnaise
Brown Bread and Butter
Compote of Apricot and Peanuts
Iced Coffee

DINNER

Minted Tomato Juice
Liver and Bacon Pie
Jacket Potatoes Green Salad
Mocha Cream with Lemon Sauce
Coffee

Potato and Prawn Salad
Casserole of Veal Rolls, with Apple and Bacon Stuffing
Diced Carrot, Parsnip, and Turnip
Orange Fruit Mince Pies
Cheese and Celery Coffee



● **TEA ON THE LAWN . . .** sheltered spot, comfortable chairs . . . relax in the open air, making the most of the hours spent away from office, shop, or household routine.

CASSEROLE OF LAMBS' BRAINS AND BACON

Six sets of lambs' brains, 1 lb. bacon-rashers, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 cups hot water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley.

Soak brains in cold, salted water for 15 to 30 minutes. Place in cold water, bring to boil, drain, and cover again. Simmer for 10 minutes, and cut each brain into four. Heat fat, brown flour in fat, stir in water, and bring to boil. Place brains in cas-

serole, pour in brown sauce, add salt. A squeeze of lemon or dash of sherry may be added. Remove rind from bacon, chop, and add to casserole. Add parsley. Cover, cook in moderate oven (350deg. F.) about 20 minutes. Serve hot. For four.

CLUB SANDWICHES

Remove crusts from slices of bread, cut fairly thickly. Sandwich three slices together with 2 layers of filling. Cut across into 2 triangles. May be toasted or served plain.

Serve with mayonnaise and salad greens and snippets such as cress and pickled cucumber, lettuce, with slices of onion and tomato, parsley, and pickled baby beetroot.

Try these fillings:

One layer of lobster meat, and the other of tomato and shredded lettuce seasoned with shallot.

One layer of minced lamb seasoned

with a minted salad-dressing, and the other of wafer-thin cucumber, seasoned with onion juice.

One layer of sliced egg and mayonnaise, the other layer of cheese and chutney.

POTATO AND PRAWN SALAD

One cup shelled prawns, 1 cup diced steamed potato, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, 1 cup or less mayonnaise sharply flavored, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley or mint, lettuce.

Combine prawns, potato, onion, mayonnaise. Season further to taste with lemon and mustard if liked. Arrange in lettuce cup for each service. Top with parsley or mint and garnish each with unshelled prawns. For four.

ORANGE BRAN COOKIES

Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon finely shredded peel, 2 tablespoons bran, soaked with 2 tablespoons milk, 2oz. wholemeal flour, 2oz. white flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt.

Cream butter, sugar, and orange rind. Beat in egg (the white may be omitted). Add shredded orange peel and bran. Add sifted flours, baking powder, and salt, mixing to a fairly stiff drop consistency. Place in teaspoonfuls on greased tray. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes.

FISH AND CELERY MAYONNAISE

About 2 cups flaked, cooked fish, 1 cup finely chopped celery, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, about 1 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing (diluted with milk or lemon juice to taste), crisp lettuce leaves and curled stalks of celery heart, pepper and salt, paprika.

Combine fish, celery, chopped egg-white, parsley, and mayonnaise. Season to taste and pile into lettuce leaves. Top with grated egg-yolk and dust with paprika. Garnish with curled celery. For four.

MOCHA CREAM WITH LEMON SAUCE

One pint strong milk coffee, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 egg-whites, 2 or 3 drops vanilla.

Blend cocoa and cornflour with little of the milk coffee. Heat remainder with the sugar. Stir in blended cornflour and cocoa and cook over boiling water 10 to 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Cool slightly and fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased mould to set.

Lemon Sauce: Heat 1 cup lemon juice with 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon grated rind. Add 1 teaspoon blended arrowroot or cornflour. Bring to boil, stirring. Cool slightly, beat in 2 egg-yolks, cooking to custard consistency, without boiling.

Continued on page 31

Half-a-minute
with MUM...



stops risk of
underarm odour



keeps you nice
to be near!

MUM
TAKES THE ODOUR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION

A Special message
to **BLONDES**



If your blonde hair is going dark and mossy try Stablond shampoo. You will make this amazing discovery... that only Stablond can bring back that glorious golden sparkle to darkened blonde hair. Stablond prevents natural blonde hair from darkening and keeps it bright and shining always. For Stablond is made specially for blondes.

STA-BLOND THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

Every Woman!

Coverspot
Conceals Blemishes"

Serious Chances

Are Taken in Neglecting
Even Simple Cases

Any person takes serious chances in neglecting an attack of Piles. This ailment has a tendency to become chronic, and there is also danger of ulceration. The safest remedy for any form of Piles, whether itching or protruding, is DOAN'S OINTMENT. In using it there is no detention from daily occupation, and the many cases eased by it have made it famous in every corner of the world. It enjoys a greater demand and more enthusiastic popularity than any other Pile remedy ever placed on the market.

Let DOAN'S OINTMENT give you the relief you so sorely need. Refuse all substitutes. Remember the name, DOAN'S.



PLUM PUDDING for Christmas is a family tradition dear to many hearts... the recipe below is sufficient for three 3-pint basins.

YULETIDE RECIPES

● Look up your recipe files for Christmassy dishes: cookies, special trifles, dishes for high days and holidays. Send them in!

THE prize cake from Victoria is a napoleon layer of pastry, jam, and cake, very satisfying for the men of the family.

The addition of raisins or mixed fruit to the toffee pudding makes it a quick and delicious fruit pudding for Christmas.

RAISIN LAYER CAKE

Four ounces flaky or puff pastry, raspberry jam, coconut, raisins, 1 cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, about ½ cup milk.

Line a swiss-roll tin with the rolled pastry. Spread with jam, and sprinkle with coconut and raisins. Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Add eggs one at a time. Sift in flour and salt, mixing alternately with the milk. Spread this mixture in the lined tin. Bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) 30 to 40 minutes. When cold, ice and cut into squares. Icing may be flavored with chocolate, lemon, or orange.

First Prize of £1 to Miss J. Butcher, Muckleford, Vic.

PICKLED SPICED CHERRIES

Three pounds cherries, ½ lb. sugar, 2 pints vinegar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon salt.

Stalk, wash, and dry cherries. Place in saucepan with other ingredients. Boil all 5 minutes. Pack cherries into jars, pour the pickle over cherries. Seal. Ready for use in three weeks.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. E. Brown, 148 Queen Victoria St., Bexley, N.S.W.

TOFFEE PUDDING

Four ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. brown sugar, 4oz. golden syrup, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 8oz. self-raising flour, 4oz. sultanas, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 tablespoon milk.

ORANGE FRUIT MINCE PIES

Eight ounces wholemeal short pastry flavored with grated orange rind, 1 cup mixed fruit (raisins, sultanas, currants), 1 cup grated apple, 1 tablespoon finely shredded preserved orange peel, 2 tablespoons orange marmalade.

Roll pastry thinly and line small patty-tins with half the pastry. Combine remaining ingredients, first plumping the dried fruit in a sieve over boiling water. Fill lined patty-tins with mixture, moisten edges and top with remaining pastry. Glaze

Rich Christmas Pudding

HALF-POUND flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons mixed spice, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ lb. white breadcrumbs, ½ lb. beef suet, ½ lb. sugar, 3½ lb. mixed fruit (raisins, sultanas, dates, figs, cherries, currants), 6 eggs, 1 pint milk, 1 gill brandy, 1 dessertspoon almond essence, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind.

Sift flour, salt, spice, and soda. Mix with breadcrumbs and then with the shredded, finely chopped suet. Add the prepared fruit and then the beaten eggs, milk, brandy, almond essence, and orange rind. The brandy may be omitted and orange juice added. Stir thoroughly and turn into three well-greased basins. Cover with greased paper and then cover with pudding cloth and tie tightly. Plunge into boiling water and boil 7 to 8 hours. Remove cloth, and dry. When pudding top is cold and dry, re-tie cloth and store in cool, dry place. Reheat 1 hour.

Grease basin and decorate bottom with cherries or nuts. Melt butter and stir in sugar and treacle. When sugar is dissolved, cool mixture and stir in beaten eggs and coffee essence. Stir in sifted flour, and add sultanas, and then soda dissolved in the milk. Turn into basin, cover, and steam 2 hours. For six.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Crowder, Box 88, Port Lincoln, S.A.

APPLE BON-BONS

Two cups sugar, 2 cups unsweetened apple pulp, 2 tablespoons gelatine, 1 cup cold water, cochineal, icing sugar, chopped nuts.

Cook sugar and apple pulp until thick. Stir in gelatine, softened in the water, mixing until dissolved. Color with cochineal. Set in a greased flat tin. When cold, cut into small squares and roll in icing sugar and chopped nuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Daley, 65 Garfield St., Wentworthville, N.S.W.

Eating in the Garden

Continued from page 30

with milk or sugar and water. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) about 15 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

CASSEROLE OF SPINACH AND EGGS

Three cups cooked, chopped spinach, 6 hard-boiled eggs, 2 cups white sauce, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon browned breadcrumbs.

Place spinach in a greased casserole. Cover with halved, hard-boiled eggs. Add cheese to sauce, and pour over eggs. Top with breadcrumbs. Cook uncovered, in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) for about 20 minutes. Serve hot. For four.

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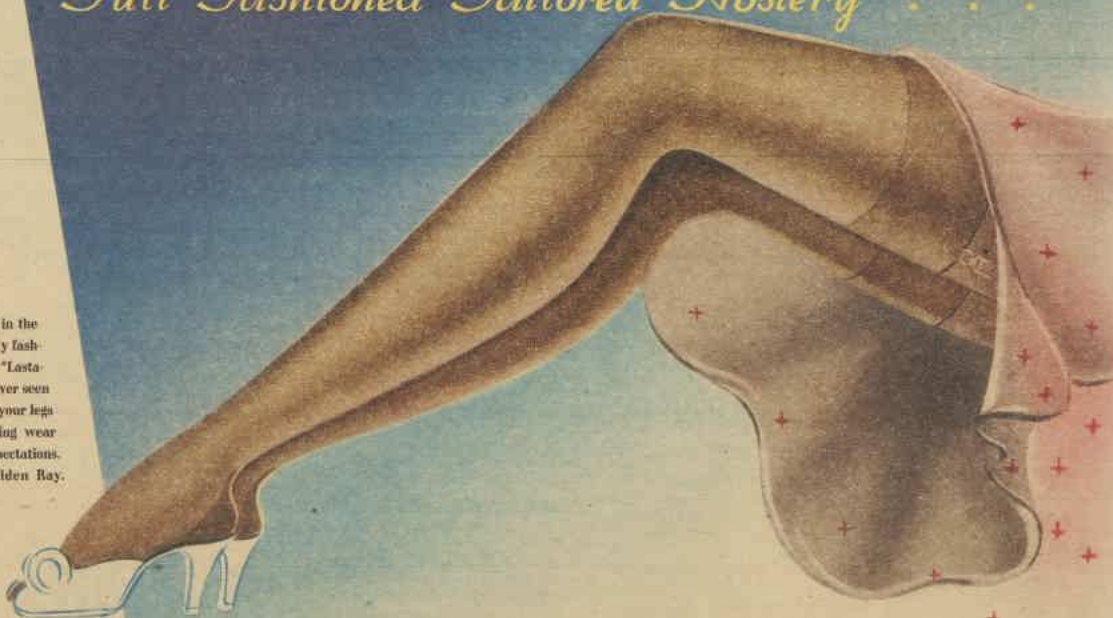
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